National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

MISS DICKINSON AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

From The World—(Copperhead).

SOMEBODY has said that a woman's name should appear in print but twice—when she is married and when she dies. Miss Anna E. Dickinson, of Philadelphia, is evidently of the contrary opinion, as likewise are Henry Ward Beecher and Senator Morgan, who countenanced a female of that name, night before last, in indecencies of speech which would have disgraced a pot-house brawler of the other sex. Gov. Buckingham was greatly assisted in his Republican majorities by the stump speeches of Miss Dickinson, and the male Loyal Leaguers of New York gathered together in the Cooper Institute to be instructed in loyalty by this glib-tongued and fresh-faced woman. On the whole, it must be admitted that she did no injustice to her theme or to her audience. She was the right thing in the right place. The audience was quite worthy of the speaker, judging by its cheers; the speaker quite worthy of her audience, judging by the sentiments which she emitted. These were, as might have been expected, the coarse ribaldry of men uttered with the volubility of a woman, the thousand times refuted slanders of campaign orators reasserted with feminine effrontery, the hack arguments of male politicians reiterated in tones an octave higher, the falsehoods of the War Committee set off with the sneers of a virago.

There is certainly a prejudice among sensible men and women against such exhibitions as this. But even advanced thinkers like John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, who advocate for women an equal share in the discussions and privileges and rights of citizenship, would probably resent the idea that hooped skirts, embroidered petticoats, and tinkling chatelaines should secure an audience for impudence or give immunity to ignorance and folly. Like the German professor who amazed his class by proposing to "pass lightly over fifteen centuries," Miss Dickinson skimmed lightly over the course of events since the war began with incoherent agility and delivered herself of an opinion upon every General, every battle, every policy, the politics and parties of the nation. She abused McClellan, she abused Banks, she abused Franklin. On the other hand, she eulogized Fremont, and considered Ben. Butler as on the whole superior in the civic virtues to George Washington. The Abolitionists received copious sprinklings of the bergamot of her adulation. The Democrats enjoyed her contumely. She had an opinion about the draft. Those who resisted it would see stars; those who didn't would attain beatitude. She disclosed ethnological leanings—"the country could only be saved by the negro." What salt is to bacon, the negro would be to the decaying State. Being a woman unsexed, she was in favor of inciting insurrections: "When we are fighting the devil," says Miss Dickinson, "I am glad to hear that an insurrection has broken out in hell"—and the Rev. Mr. Beecher and Senator Morgan upon the platform, and the Loyal Leaguers on the benches, broke out in "tremendous applause." The consummation invoked with such glib profanity means nothing, or it means a hellish riot of lust and destruction. It is a woman who would be glad of it; it is the "Loyal Leaguers" who would be glad of it, and who applaud a woman when she prays for such a fate to come upon Southern women, matron and maid. "She was cheered to the echo," says *The Tribune*, "and her humane and patriotic sentiments made a good impression."

Mirrors, it has been said, are unlike women, inasmuch as they reflect without speaking, while women are apt to speak without reflecting; but Miss Dickinson in speaking mirrored her audience. Divested of the grace of her sex, as they of the humanity of theirs, stripped of the gentleness and charity and puremindedness of woman as they of the dignity and sobriety and wisdom of men, she unsexed and they without sense, the exhibition was one which no woman of refinement and no man of good sense could witness without blushing for their kind. It is impossible to take a more charitable view of the matter than this. Shall we say that some thousand men with beards assembled to hear a person without a beard pour forth a stream of foolish loquacity? But even parrots are not held guiltless when they blaspheme. Their necks are wrung in the interest of domestic morality. And when a woman with the same measure of moral responsibility rattles on with such odious and inhuman sentiments she can expect little less immunity. But to leave Miss Dickinson with this lighter punishment is to trifle with the facts in the case and their significance. The Cooper Institute exhibition is an index of "the lowness of our present state." It marks the degeneracy of Republican politics, points to the social and moral consequences of the dogmas and the spirit of the Abolition party, and gives us here and now, in the degradation of women and the degeneracy of men, the prelude to that hideous carnival which would follow the general spread of their doctrines and the permanent adoption of those measures.

TREASON IN MASSACHUSETTS.

It is incredible that the people of Boston allow in their city the weekly publication of such infamous utterances as the following, from *The Liberator* of April 24th:

> No act of ours do we regard with more conscientious approval or higher satisfaction, none do we submit more confidently to the tribunal of Heaven and the moral verdict of mankind, than when, several years ago, on the 4th of July, in the presence of a great assembly, we committed to the flames the Constitution of the United States, because (in the language of John Quincy Adams) "the bargain between freedom and slavery contained in it was morally and politically vicious, inconsistent with the principles on which alone our Revolution can be justified, and cruel and oppressive by riveting the chains of the oppressed, and pledging the faith of freedom to maintain and perpetuate the tyranny of the master." And should the present bloody struggle end in any compromise with the South, or in recognizing any constitutional obligations to slaveholders or slave-hunters in the Border States, we shall again give that instrument to the consuming fire, and renew our protest against it as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell."
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> In the court of conscience and before God, it matters nothing what slaveholding agreements or compromises may be found in the Constitution or out of it, they are all inhuman, unjust and immoral, and therefore null and void; and if a man can retain office, or be a voter under the government, only on condition of sustaining such compromises, then it is certain, if he would not do evil that good may come, he must relinquish officeholding, and refuse to cast a vote stained with human blood. His motto is, and must be, as one loyal to right and duty, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"
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> "Man is more than Constitutions—better rot beneath the sod
> Than be true to Church and State whilst we are doubly false to God!"

Perhaps we err in saying that it is incredible. Within the past two years "Loyalty" has become a word of purely arbitrary signification in the mouths of the men who use it for the time. The New York radical papers which denounce their political opponents as disloyal have no word of censure for this Boston paper, but on the contrary they delight in honoring Mr. Wendell Phillips, whose name is printed conspicuously at the head of *The Liberator* as one of the managers of its finances.

In the Middle and Western States we hear daily of the seizure of newspapers and the arrest of editors for alleged treasonable sympathies. We have never seen in a paper published out of Massachusetts a more atrocious article than this, and yet it will pass unnoticed by "Loyal Leaguers," unnoticed by radical newspapers, who would mob the office of the Boston *Courier* or *Post* to-day if either of them should express a sentiment remotely in favor of the destruction of the Union.

While the men whom these disunion Abolitionists call disloyal have been the unwavering defenders of Union and Constitution their maligners are permitted to preach treason in the pulpit, publish treason in their newspapers, and are received with distinguished attentions on the floor of Congress and in the mansions of the highest government officers.

The Tribune devoted a column yesterday to the fierce denunciation of certain suspected traitors. If they were indeed guilty they deserve hanging as high as Haman. But what has *The Tribune* to say to the above extract from *The Liberator?* Here is a bold confession of crime, an unblinking challenge to loyal men to confront and, if they dare, to punish them. What say you, gentlemen of the Loyal Leagues? Do you wish more papers of *The Liberator* stamp? Is this the kind of literature you approve? If not, dare you express your minds and denounce these men as they deserve, or are you afraid it might cost you a few Abolitionist votes in the next elections?

It is a shock to the moral sense of the world that an officer was dismissed the service a few days ago for voting a Democratic ticket in New Hampshire, but no word of caution or rebuke comes from the self-styled "loyal" party for this outspoken treason in Massachusetts.

Selections.

THE FREE LABOR MOVEMENT IN LOUISIANA.

A VINDICATION OF GEN. BANKS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

NEW ORLEANS, March 26, 1863.

I HAVE been greatly surprised at the manner in which the recent efforts of Gen. Banks in behalf of the slaves in this department have been received by the people of the North. I have heard with deep regret the severe criticisms which have been made upon his course in this matter, and by those, too, who I am sure would give him their entire and unqualified sympathy, were they made aware of the actual facts in the case. It has even been charged against him, that he has used compulsion in returning a fugitive negro to his master. Nothing can be more false. Printed orders are issued and placed in the hands of every government official who is at all connected with this question, prohibiting the use of force of any kind, even that of persuasion, and I feel very sure that any man who should be guilty of so heinous an act as that complained of, would be visited with condign punishment. So far as I know, and I have had occasion to know a great deal of this whole matter, Gen. Banks has surpassed my expectations in throwing his influence on the side of the slave. I know him to be a somewhat conservative Republican; but in this matter he has gone as far as the Abolitionists even would desire him to. I am personally interested in making this statement to the Northern people, because, as a warm Abolitionist, I have entered into the plan with all the enthusiasm I am possessed of, believing that it is precisely the thing to prepare the black man of Louisiana for the freedom which I know he is looking for, and which I believe will be his before another twelve months are told. If you will allow me, I will give you a detailed history of this whole movement, that you may understand the end to be sought, and the means taken to secure it.

A few weeks since, Gen. Banks sent for me, and in the course of conversation told me that he had been trying to settle the negro-labor question in some such way that the slave should be assured that the government was with him in his efforts to obtain his freedom. The blacks were coming into our camps, hundreds every day. It was well known that they were fast getting into bad habits. Not only had the percentage of mortality increased to an alarming extent, arising from the change in their mode of living, but they were greatly demoralizing themselves, and also our troops. It was necessary that something should be done at once to effect a cure of this evil. He then spoke of the plan he had formed. It was simply this: that statistics should be obtained of all the negroes within our lines who had no means of obtaining a livelihood, who were being subsisted on government rations; then to give them their choice either to work on the roads or levee—which, as rations were in such case served to the laborer and his family, would cost government one dollar and six cents per man on an average—or to work on some plantation, not necessarily the one from which they fled, for a fixed sum, which government would guarantee to them by a lien on the crop in case of trouble with the planters. It is at once seen that the latter would be altogether the better choice for the negro, for he would then have his family with him, and at the end of the month have a small sum due him beside his rations, whereas, if he worked on the roads or levees, he left his family for a week at a time, and in a little hut, no protection against the weather, built, as it generally was, out of some fence hard by. The planters were to be bound to treat their negroes, not as formerly, as slaves, but rather as hired hands. The power to whip them was to be taken away. In case a slave proved refractory the planter could apply to the nearest Provost Marshal, and the negro should receive no punishment which might not, under like circumstances, be visited upon a white man. Moreover, if the planter should not fulfil his part in the act, and should refuse to clothe or feed his hands as per agreement, the negro should have the right to apply to the same Provost Marshal, who, if he saw fit, could remove the negro from the plantation altogether. The plan struck me as being very like the apprentice system in the West Indies between 1834 and 1840, except that, in this case, the black man had more privileges. Still, I told the General that the plan was likely to be misunderstood by the people of the North. They will say that we are carrying fugitives back to their old masters, and many other things which it will be unpleasant to hear. He replied that the plan was a just one, and one that, to use his own words, "gives the slave his future." If the North does not understand it the black man will, and in the end it will all be right.

I have worked now for some weeks, and am more than ever convinced that the plan will exercise a great influence in favor of the negro. I have travelled over the entire department, have seen the fugitives as they live while within our camp lines, and have seen them also, as, under our protection, they have returned to their plantations, or been placed upon some plantation hired out to responsible individuals. I have seen them at Baton Rouge, 172 dying since last December out of 1,000. I have visited them at Thibadaux, 600 or 700 living in wretched shanties, built in an unhealthy location, getting little or no work, and, from proximity to our camps, acquiring habits of immorality and viciousness. I do know that while this war continues it will be utterly impossible to give such attention to this question that all its perplexities can be made clear. I am, moreover, sure that the most humane of the friends of the negro in the North, could they visit the blacks as they have been living here for the last few months, indeed since the Union troops landed in the State, would at once acknowledge that the best thing that can be done for the negro's own welfare during the present season is to give him back his own cabin, and to compel his master to feed, clothe, *and pay him*, while he in return shall give that amount of labor which *a white farmer has a right to expect from his apprentice.*

To further show you the position which Gen. Banks occupies in this matter, I will give you a copy of a letter which he sent to me just as I was entering upon the work:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 7, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: I take great interest in the success of the plan for employment of the negroes upon the principle of compensation. *It is the only solution of the labor question so far as they are concerned.* You may be sure that your labors will be appreciated if you can aid its adoption by the negroes. The planters are favorably disposed. There need not be much said about the final status of the slave. That will depend upon the future. *If the war continues, there will be no slavery. If it ends soon, some compensated plan of labor must be adopted.* We do not, for that reason, undertake to decide upon the property claims of masters to their slaves. Whatever the government can do for them (the negroes) will be executed by us now and hereafter. I shall request all officers to aid you, and I hope your entire success. Let me know how you get on.

Very truly yours, N. P. BANKS, M. G. C.

Lieut. GEO. H. HEPWORTH.

When it is remembered that this is said of negroes in parishes specially exempted from the act of Emancipation by the President, it shows conclusively enough that Gen. Banks is ready to use the necessities of the planters who were willing to subscribe to almost any terms in order to get force enough to put in their crop, for the benefit of the negro. I think I am not wrong in saying that to-day, practically speaking, there is not a slave in the Gulf Department. The President's proclamation says there is. But when the blacks crossed the Union lines, from that moment they were free men. And when the planters desired to get them back, they were virtually told that they could never again be looked upon as slaves. If they, the planters, were willing, first, to take the oath of allegiance, and, second, to hire their hands for a fixed sum per month, then the government would ask the black man if he was willing to return. If he was willing he was most fully and perfectly protected in all his rights as an apprentice—if he was unwilling, there was no power on earth that could use any compulsion. He could do one of several things. First, he could attach himself to some officer as body servant; second, he could go to work on some government plantation; third, if there was any hope of his succeeding, he could get a pass from Lieut. Hanks, Superintendent of negro labor, by which he could go anywhere unmolested, earning his own living as best he could. It often happens that enraged masters actually drive their slaves away, partly because the slaves are refractory, and partly because the masters have become too poor to support them. To such, a free pass, called a self-supporting pass, is given, with the reason of their leaving their master stated in full. Here is one which I copy:

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF NEGRO LABOR,
NEW ORLEANS, March 27, 1863.

The bearer, Maria Johnson (colored), has permission to pass unmolested, she supporting herself. This pass is given upon her statement that her owner refuses to employ or protect her, and told her to go to the d—d Yankees for a pass. GEORGE H. HANKS,
Lieut. and Gen. Sup't of Negro Labor.

This shows pretty conclusively that the slave-owners are beginning to understand that real slavery is a thing of the past, at least in this Department; and further, that the negroes know who are their friends.

Again, to show you the way in which this thing is carried out, I will copy a note which is sent to every planter whose hands return to him. It is sufficient evidence that the officers who are carrying this plan into execution understand that the unqualified sympathy of the head of this department is with the slave:

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF NEGRO LABOR,
NEW ORLEANS, —, 1863.

Mr. —— *Sir:* I have induced —— of your negroes to return to their homes, with the understanding that they are to be kindly treated.

I am authorized by the Commanding General to see that the negroes not only perform their duties, but that they receive proper and humane treatment.

Very respectfully yours, ——.

This note is sent only after the planter has signed the paper promising to treat his hands properly, and to pay them wages fixed by government.

Now, let me tell you how the planters themselves interpret this whole plan. Some week or two since I took occasion to visit between sixty and seventy-five plantations to ascertain the condition of the negroes and to assure myself that the spirit of the plan was being carried out. Among others I spent an hour or two at the house of a gentleman whose family name stands very prominent among the Secessionists. I found that nearly all the hands had left the place. Of about 100, not more than 15 or 16, and those house laborers, remained. The husband was absent. I talked very freely with the lady who was unusually shrewd and thoughtful. In the course of conversation, I said: "Madam, I have no doubt your husband will gladly enter into the arrangement which Gen. Banks is willing to make between the planters and the government."

"Do you refer to the arrangement by which slaves are induced to return to their homes, sir?"

"Yes, madam, I shall be happy to have Mr. Blank's signature."

"If he gives it, it will never be with my consent, sir. In my opinion, the man who signs that paper signs away his right to his slaves. If the President's proclamation exempts this district from the decree of liberty, then my black man is mine, really mine, in the largest sense of the word. I have a right to sell him, and I have a right to whip him. He is my chattel, my property, my slave, and I can do as I choose with him, just as I can with any other piece of property. But if I sign that paper, I do virtually resign my right in him as my property. He becomes from that moment my hired hand, and not my slave. I do not tell him to do a certain thing, I ask him if he will do it. And what is worse, the boy has a right to refuse. No, sir, the paper shall never be signed in this house, if I can help it. Government may strip my plantation if it chooses, I have no power to resist, but it can never make me hire my own slaves."

This is really the true view I take of the case. The planter in entering into the engagement does virtually resign his ancient right in the black man. He no longer has the power to command him, and to compel obedience as in days gone by. Soon as his signature is written, he stands in an entirely new relation to his negroes, and they stand in an entirely new relation to him. In the first place, he cannot sell them; virtually they are free. In the second place, he must pay them their wages, for they have a legal lien on the crop. In the third place, they have the right to leave him if he does not treat them properly. Where do you find the essence of slavery here? Surely none of its peculiar characteristics are to be found. The black man stands forth clothed in the new dignity of the apprenticed laborer. It is the portico to the great Temple of Freedom. It is the grand first step, and I believe that there is no man in this country more willing, nay, desirous, to take the next and the inevitable step than Gen. Banks. He is certainly doing all he can to fit the mind of the negro for that freedom which is held in the womb of the future. Believing that it will surely come, he compels the planters of this department to pay wages to the very men whom they have heretofore held as their property.

Now, allow me to recapitulate in brief:

First: The blacks are crowding within our lines in such numbers that it is quite impossible for government to take the proper care of them. A large proportion have lived in unhealthy localities, and will surely breed pestilence in the warmer weather. Already an alarming mortality warns us that a remedy must be sought.

Second: It is evident on the very face of the matter, that we cannot make them either as comfortable or as remunerative to themselves or the government—indeed, they are a vast expense to government—by allowing them to live in the deplorable condition in which they have been living, as we can by inducing them to return to their own plantations, or to go upon some government plantation, where they will be sufficiently protected in all their rights.

Third: This protection is easily insured to them. They have access in various ways to our military authorities, who are instructed to pay particular attention to all complaints of this kind.

Fourth: By living during the present season on the plantation they escape the poverty, and, worse than this, the vices which are now so terribly prevalent in our army.

Fifth: Their stay on a plantation does not in the least degree interfere with the prospect of freedom in twelve months, or as much sooner as the President shall see fit to declare it. It rather prepares them for it.

Now, I would not have you think that all are indiscriminately induced to go back to their homes. Thousands, I may say, have received a pass allowing them to go about the city unmolested to earn a living. If a man or woman can show that there is a fair prospect of their gaining a livelihood, they are not hindered, but helped. We have now many light-colored people whom we do not care to send upon any plantation. These we help in their efforts to get situations. There is an advertisement of this kind in the New Orleans papers:

SITUATIONS WANTED.—Having many colored house-servants under my charge who cannot be induced to return to their owners, and who are unfit for plantation labor, and believing that many persons would be glad to employ them for a reasonable compensation, I will furnish to any one wishing to hire, good Cooks, Laundresses, Coachmen, Body-Servants, and Mechanics. GEO. H. HANKS,
Lieut. and Gen. Supt. of Negro Labor.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

NEW ORLEANS, Sunday, March 29, 1863.

To give you all possible information regarding the movements here that are crystallizing into form—some plan for the reorganization of labor in the late slave States—I send you a printed circular issued by a gentleman who but a short time since was so thoroughly pro-slavery in his idea that the negroes would not work faithfully under the *voluntary system*, that he hired double the number that were ordinarily demanded to do a specific amount of work. But he soon found that he had altogether too much force for the size of his plantation, and he had to rent other deserted estates for the accomodation of his surplus hands. The secession movement was inaugurated and sustained simply to save the labor of the country, the belief being that, under the Union, emancipation would finally be adopted, and with it the destruction of the material interests of the South. Already the experience of the *voluntary system* has exploded this fallacy. I have seen a letter from one of the managers of this gentleman, who says that he is perfectly satisfied that he will make 1,500 hogsheads of sugar, and that he manages three estates now with less trouble than he formerly did one. He testifies that the negroes take as much interest in the work as if it were their own, and that for a month past all the ten-cent fines exacted for misconduct for a month on three estates will not amount to five dollars. I have heard from other places almost equally good reports. Among the factors who have given in their experience are the managers of some five of the largest plantations in the State. By referring to the rules which you have already published, it will be observed that a negro cannot stay on a plantation unless he works. If he is ten minutes too late in the morning he loses ten cents, and other similar fines are exacted for infraction of the rules. If he obeys cheerfully he is sure of his food, clothing and medical attendance for himself and family, and at the end of the year $24. In addition, if he is industrious, from his half acre of land, and in various other ways, he can earn from $50 to $75. Should the manager succeed in raising ten hogsheads to the hand, not an extraordinary yield, the negro will have an additional $25. The inducements of prizes are also held out, first to the men for superior industry, and to the women for keeping their cabins and their children in order. Thus, by a proper disposition of rewards and punishments, the publisher of the circular below has succeeded in bringing order out of what appeared chaos, and he is now surrounded by a force of happy and contented agricultural laborers, instead of a sullen, discontented and helpless set of slaves.

CIRCULAR.

TO CAPITALISTS: The present state of things in Louisiana presents an extraordinary opportunity for investment, as will appear from the annexed statements, showing the actual cash investment necessary to carry the cane crop to the grinding. This state of things is caused by the planters having lost control of their negroes and many or all of their mules; by their not having the means to purchase supplies; and, lastly, because they have no faith in free negro or other labor.

For these reasons, more than 500 sugar estates will not be worked at all, and I have, therefore, been able to rent from the owners, three plantations for less than one per cent. of the value of the lands and machinery, which are now in successful operation, and fully stocked with negroes, mules, and supplies sufficient for the growing crop.

On these estates there will be cultivated fifteen hundred acres in cane, five hundred in cotton, and five hundred in corn. In favorable seasons these lands produce from 2,000 to 3,000 pounds of sugar per acre, and a bale of cotton. The cash expenses will not exceed $15,000, which will carry the crop to grinding. The balance of the expenses, amounting to about $40,000, are paid out of the crop. These figures show that one-eighth of a crop will pay expenses, and one-half a crop, at present prices, will pay ten dollars to one actually invested, or four to one on the entire expense. The probable expenses and results of working a cotton plantation are as follows:

Rent of four hundred acres, $5	$2,000
Thirty mules, at $150 each	4,500
Hire and supplies of 50 hands, $125 each	6,250
Sundries	4,000
Total	$16,750

Of this amount but $8,000 in cash will be required, one half of which will be invested in mules. A fair average crop will be one bale per acre, and, at present prices, will return twenty dollars for one invested, or ten to one on the actual expenses, leaving a large margin for short crops, low prices and other contingencies.

To parties seeking investments I offer the following extraordinary terms, for the purpose of raising funds to extend my operations, by renting plantations and cultivating cotton, which may be planted until the 1st of May, or by furnishing mules and supplies to planters, who will cultivate the crop on shares.

I will borrow money in sums of $500 and upward, giving liens upon my growing crops as security, which money will be invested in advances to planters, or in renting and working cotton plantations. The profits arising will be equally divided, and parties who choose will have the active management of their funds.

The only doubt about the matter is whether continuous labor can be secured. All parties admit that half labor can be depended on. Should this be the case, even, it will require but $150 in labor to make five hogsheads of sugar or ten bales of cotton.

Circumstances have compelled me to change my opinions on this subject, inasmuch as I have several hundred negroes working as well as they ever did, according to the judgment of overseers who have the reputation of being the hardest workers in the State.

Further, the negroes voluntarily return to their homes and bind themselves to faithfully obey the rules of the plantation for one year; and we have the commanding General's assurance that they *shall work*, either on the places where they engage, on the terms proposed, or on government fortifications *without pay*. Besides, the negroes cannot travel a mile without a pass, and cannot hire themselves to others without my consent. And, lastly, they have no desire to undergo the hardships of the last few months. Liberty to starve in idleness, they have found to their sorrow, is less productive of happiness than liberty to work for a sure support for themselves and children. Hence, to expel them from the place for laziness, insubordination, or any other cause, would, in my opinion, be the severest punishment that could be inflicted.

Entertaining these views, I shall be pleased to meet parties who will take an active interest in the management of a crop, or those who merely wish to make a profitable investment.

The most satisfactory references will be furnished.

For further particulars, address Box No. 3,348; or apply to BENJ. F. SMITH, Plantation Agent and General Commission Merchant, No. 58 Magazine street, New Orleans, La.

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF NEGRO LABOR,
NEW ORLEANS, La., March 9, 1863.

DR. B. F. SMITH—*Sir:* By authority of the General commanding, I will visit the plantations under your charge as frequently as possible. I will take good care, so long as you observe your part of the contract, that the negroes shall render faithful obedience and labor during the year. They will not be allowed to leave the place or hire to others.

If they violate their agreement, I will place them on government works, without pay, or subject them to some other salutary punishment. I highly approve the above rules, and being personally familiar with your practical success in working a large number of hands, I am led to believe that you will certainly be able to maintain order and secure faithful labor, with but little interference of the military authorities.

Be assured, however, that justice to the blacks, as well as to the employer, will lead me to use strong measures to enforce labor, as also to protect the laborers.

Very respectfully, yours, GEO. H. HANKS,
Lieut. and Gen. Sup. of Negro Labor.

ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENT IN NEW ORLEANS.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

NEW ORLEANS, April 14, 1863.

THE Union Association of the First District of this city on Saturday evening passed the long-pending resolutions providing for the appointment of a Committee to meet in joint convention with Committees from the various Union associations throughout the State to devise plans for the organization of a Civil State government. This is the first movement made toward the restoration of civil law in Louisiana, and may fairly be considered an Emancipation triumph, since the purpose of the advocates of the measure has been clearly and boldly stated to be the repeal of the slave code and the establishment of immediate abolition. Whether this consummation is to be aided by compensation from the Federal Treasury or is to be unconditional is a subject as yet so far in advance of the resolutions that no allusion has been made thereto in the voluminous debates which have exhibited from every point of view the merits and demerits of the question. The step already taken is but a preliminary one.

I am a constant attendant at the meetings of the Association. For the benefit of your readers I make a few notes upon the debate of the resolutions, that they may comprehend the depth of patriotism and the unconditional loyalty of Union men within the original limits of the Southern Confederacy—among which number are those who have suffered insults, proscription, imprisonment and property confiscation for their devotion to the cause. It is a strange fact that one receives from Southern Unionists in New Orleans more of encouragement and hope for the triumph of the Union armies and the successful solution of the problem of human slavery than from active Unionists in New York. The John Brown song is received here with undisguised enthusiasm; a New York audience would bestow upon it commingled hisses, applause and groans.

One hears more expression of radical sentiments, more sympathy with the proclamation of Emancipation, more fierce denunciation of the iniquitous rebellion and its leaders, among residents of New Orleans, wherever a group be found, than in New York. The Copperheads of the North are the only class who stand between the million of armed soldiers upon both sides of Mason and Dixon's line and oppose the march of civilization and humanity. The legions of the Republic have inscribed upon their banners "Universal Liberty," and they march to the music of their inspiring motto. On the other hand, every day of resistance to the constitutional government upon the part of the rebels binds around the throat of slavery still more closely the noose of the emancipation hangman. This is the view most generally entertained by Southern loyalists. It affords me pleasure to state that the Unionists of Louisiana, whether in affluence or poverty, have less fears for the ultimate results of emancipation than have the Union men of the North. They certainly evince three-fold more readiness to accept with fortitude whatever temporary losses or inconvenience may be engendered by the removal of the incubus of slavery.

The free whites of the South send to the peace men of the North no sympathy, and regard as squandered all demonstrations of affection. Their hopes reach far in advance of the masses of the North, and through the dark clouds which at present envelop the young republic, they discern visions of a free and united people in whom is vested a power second to none upon earth—a government dispensing to all the largest liberties, and resting upon each as gently as the dews of heaven—a nation the embodiment of civilization and industry.

In the debate on Saturday evening, Mr. Thos. J. Earhart said: In inaugurating a civil government, it by no means follows that we seek to be released from Federal protection. A military force should be stationed here for the next twenty-five years. If we postpone the inauguration of civil law until peace again reigns, our State government will be in the hands of a few aristocratic slave-owners, and no man not acceptable to such Thugs as Jim Beggs or Red Bill will be suffered to vote. The proclamation of Emancipation has left your negroes in the condition of slaves. Yet you cannot manage them (cheers). They are freer than their owners (applause). They leave you when they wish, and you cannot recover them. The idea of trying to save slavery is simply ludicrous (hearty cheers). It has gone already. There remains scarcely a remnant of it in these Congressional Districts (applause).

Judge White prefaced his remarks by stating that he was a native of Louisiana, and had but twice trodden the soil of a free State. He had always hated Abolitionists, and ever been opposed to the accursed rebellion. Now that slavery had arrayed its head in the path of unity, he felt that it should be placed among the things that were (cheers). He thanked God that it was gone (cheers). Jeff. Davis had proved to be the greatest Abolitionist of the age (laughter and applause). In arguments, two years since he told the leaders of the rebellion that they were digging a tomb for slavery. They have certainly killed it. Give us a free code for Louisiana (cheers).

Mr. Thomas J. Durant stated that the Union lines hemmed in from rebel sway 13,600 square miles of the State of Louisiana, and 350,000 of its population. He read a letter from the Hon. Michael Hahn, Member of Congress from the 1st District of Louisiana, representing that the project under discussion met the hearty approval of President Lincoln, and that the army would be instructed to foster and aid the movement.

THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN FOR EMPLOYING NEGROES.

[The following is the President's plan, as announced by Adjutant-General Thomas, for employing negroes on abandoned plantations. Gen. Thomas says he wishes it had been done a month earlier; then the success would have been complete, but even yet much may be done:]

FIRST: The government of the United States, in order to secure the safety of commerce and navigation on the Mississippi, have determined to locate on or near its beach a loyal population, who will protect, instead of destroying—as is now done—the freedom of commercial intercourse on this great inland sea. That this policy may the more speedily receive its initiation, George B. Field, Capt. A. E. Shickle and the Rev. D. S. Livermore are hereby appointed Commissioners, whose duty it shall be to superintend the letting of plantations to persons of proper character and qualifications, and to see that the mutual obligations between the negroes and their employers or superintendents shall be faithfully performed; to attend in some measure to their moral and intellectual wants, and generally to carry out the policy of the government regarding negroes that are to be put to agricultural pursuits.

Second: It being deemed the best policy as far as possible to make the employment and subsistence of negroes a matter to be left to private enterprise, plantations will be placed in possession of such persons as Commissioners shall deem of good character and pecuniary responsibility, and in lieu of rent a tax will be collected upon the product of the land payable to such agents as the Treasury Department shall designate, care being taken to secure as far as possible the just rights of employees and employed; in all cases the negroes will be furnished with enough clothing for comfort in advance of their earnings, in consequence of their extreme destitution, and in no case will negroes be subjected to corporal punishment by the lash or other cruel and unusual modes.

Third: Upon the occupancy of plantations inspectors will visit each plantation and take an inventory of all the property upon the estate. Crops yet ungathered will be turned over to be gathered by the lessee upon such terms as shall secure to the government its fair share, while all movable property, stock, grain, etc., will be taken possession of by the government, or sold to the lessee, if he so desires, at their appraised value, payable out of the proceeds of the plantation in the Fall; the appraisers to be appointed by the Commissioners, unless otherwise designated by the government.

Fourth: After the lessee shall have taken posession of the plantation as many negroes of average quality as he may devise shall be turned over to him upon the order of the Commissioners, the lessee entering into bonds to employ them until the 1st of February, 1864, and to feed, clothe, and treat humanely, all the negroes thus turned over, the clothing to be deducted from their wages, and to be furnished at cost.

Fifth: If it shall be found impracticable, in consequence of the lateness of the season, to find persons of sufficient character and responsibility to give employment to all the negroes coming within the lines of the army, the Commissioners may appoint superintendents, under whose supervision the soil may be cultivated for the exclusive benefit of the government, or may have the plantations worked upon such terms as in their judgment shall be best adapted to the welfare of the negro, taking care that in all plans adopted the negroes shall be self-sustaining, and not become a charge upon the government.

Sixth: The wages paid for labor shall be as follows: For able-bodied men over 15 years of age, $7 per month; for able-bodied women over 15 years of age, $5 per month; for children between the ages of 12 and 15, half price. Children under 12 years of age shall not be used as field hands, and families must be kept together when they so desire. The tax on the products of the plantation, in lieu of rent, shall be at the rate of $2 per bale of 400 pounds of cotton, and 5c. per bushel on corn and potatoes.

Seventh: While military protection will not be guaranteed for the safety of persons engaged in cultivating the soil, yet all troops will be required to give protection where it can be done without injury to the service, and it is confidently believed that the military organization of the negroes will afford all the protection necessary.

Eighth: Commanders of the army will render the Commissioners such military assistance as may be necessary, without injury to the service, for the execution of their duties. The Commissioners will report their proceedings to the Secretary of War every two weeks.

Given under my hand at Milliken's Bend, La., April 15, 1863, by authority of instructions from the Secretary of War.

L. THOMAS, Adjutant-General.

WHAT THE SOLDIERS SAY ABOUT IT.

[*The Wisconsin State Journal* correspondent gives the following report of the proceedings at St. Helena, Arkansas, on the 6th inst., after Adjt.-Gen. Thomas had announced his mission and the orders of the government to arm the negroes.]

Major-Gen. B. M. Prentiss, after the cheering had subsided which greeted his appearance, endorsed in a forcible and eloquent speech the policy announced by Adjt.-Gen. Thomas, and said that, "from the time when he was a prisoner, and a negro sentinel with firm step, *beat* in front of his cell, and with firmer voice commanded silence within, he prayed God for the day of revenge, and he now thanked God that it had come." Turning to Gen. Thomas the speaker continued: "Yes! tell the President for me, I will receive them in the lines—I will beg them to come in—*I will make them come in!* and if any officer in my command, high or low, *neglects to 'receive them friendly and treat them kindly,' I will put him outside the lines* (tremendous applause). Soldiers, when you go to your quarters, if you hear any one condemning the policy announced here to-day, put him down as a contemptible Copperhead traitor. Call them what you please, Copperheads, secesh, or traitors, they are all the same to me!"

Mr. Mitchell, a Member of Congress from Indiana, next spoke, endorsing what had been said, and concluded by paying his respects to the Copperheads, and declaring that he was going home to labor to fill up the decimated ranks of the regiments before him.

Brig.-Gen. Alvin P. Hovey was then called out. Though a lifelong Democrat he said he fully approved of the policy of the Administration in using the negroes.

Col. C. R. Gill of the 29th Wisconsin was brought out by the shouts and cries for him. He said he believed it was good for him to be here. He felt as good over it as a Methodist ever did over love-feast. In regard to arming the negroes, he felt as Aunt Hannah did at the funeral of her husband. The coffin was opened, and the friends took a departing look, after which the minister raised the lid of the coffin and asked, "Are you all satisfied?" whereupon Aunt Hannah interposed as follows: "Elder Tinkham, I am *perfectly satisfied.*" He then turned to the assemblage and inquired how many were satisfied, and was answered by a mighty *yea*, swelled by thousands of voices. How many are there here who are not satisfied? A profound silence was the only reply; and turning to the General the Colonel said: "The verdict is unanimous. When you go back tell the President he is endorsed by the army, and that there is power in the army."

Gen. Washburne, Col. Bussey and Capt. Cameron also spoke. The meeting broke up, giving three mighty cheers for the policy of the Administration. Gen. Thomas arose and said this was the happiest day of his life, and he should be happy to make known to the President the feeling prevailing among the troops within the sound of his voice.

The foregoing gives but a faint idea of the enthusiasm, patriotism, and outpouring of loyalty that took place on this occasion.

MASS MEETING OF FREEDMEN AT LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

LAKE PROVIDENCE, La., April 11, 1863.

I MUST premise what I shall say about the organization of the negroes into an army to serve the government against their former masters with the confession that three months ago I was imbued with the same prejudices against such a movement as all those persons in the North who call themselves "Conservatives."

My prejudices, however, have been considerably staggered within a day or two; indeed, I may say that in the first negro mass meeting, held to-day, for the purpose of explaining the plans of the government and ascertaining whether they are prepared to fight, all my doubts have been dissipated. This meeting was no "cooked-up" affair, but really what it appeared to be.

THE PUBLIC MEETING OF THE BLACKS.

The notice of the meeting was only given this morning, and as none of the negroes could read the few scanty notices that were posted up about the town, information had to be conveyed to the most of them verbally. Nevertheless, at two o'clock there were over a thousand negroes collected at the appointed place. There were no negroes in the town, and nearly all of them came from the different plantations within five miles up and down the river, where they were engaged in picking c

ing the earnest attentiveness of the negroes themselves, even these men admit that the negro regiments may be of some service to us, in guarding the river and holding military posts, if nothing more. Even pro-slavery men admit that the season is coming when the negro regiments, on account of comparative immunity from the diseases of the climate, can hold posts, if nothing more, in malarious localities where a regiment of whites would be decimated in a month.

The recruiting only began yesterday, and one Captain told me that he already had fifty names of those who had come forward voluntarily to enlist in his company. Within two hours after the meeting I saw another Captain enrol the names of fourteen more. I believe that the entire brigade will be filled within two weeks, and in readiness to try the experiment as to whether negroes will make soldiers or not. For my own part, I am forced by what I see to believe it will be a success—that is, a success in so far as the making good and serviceable soldiers of the negroes is concerned. W. L. F.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMME.

Tuesday Morning, May 12.

American Anti-Slavery Society.—Anniversary in the Church of the Puritans, 10 a.m. WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President, in the chair. Addresses by Rev. J. R. W. SLOANE, WENDELL PHILLIPS, and (not certainly, but probably) THEODORE D. WELD. Admittance free.

Tuesday Evening, May 12.

American Anti-Slavery Society.—Public meeting in the Cooper Institute, at 8 o'clock. Speakers, THEODORE TILTON and WENDELL PHILLIPS. Admittance 10 cents, to defray expenses.

Business Meetings.

The members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society will meet for business in the Lecture-Room of the Church of the Puritans at 3½ p.m. on Tuesday, and at 10 a.m. on Wednesday.

THE COMING ANNIVERSARY.

OUR readers hardly need to be reminded that the day of the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society is near at hand. We trust that they do not need to be reminded of the duty they owe it, and the Cause it embodies, of giving their personal attendance, counsel and assistance on that important occasion. This is a statement we have often had occasion to make, and that we may not often have to make it again we hope that a full and frequent assembling of themselves together will make the week after next memorable in our Anti-Slavery annals. We have never yet had to make this appeal in vain, in the days when the accomplishment of the end of the Society seemed, to unanointed eyes, to be retreating rather than advancing, and we are sure that our voice will not be unheeded now that the foundations of the great deep seem to be broken up and the stars in their courses to be fighting on our side. The enemy, on both sides the Potomac, give us the credit of having occasioned the present state of things. The Abolitionists and not the slaveholders are verily guilty, say they, of setting this present rebellion on foot. And it is not for us to reject the crown thus authentically awarded to us. They have proposed to themselves to bestow upon us the crown of martyrdom often enough to make it reasonable that we should not refuse the crown of glory when they thrust it upon us. And, without inordinate vanity, we think we may say that, had the divinity of slavery never been questioned, the slaveholders would not have thought it necessary to take up arms to maintain it. And as the ruling classes of the North in Church and State were careful to assure them that they were free from any malicious intentions towards them, and were scarcely less violent in their denunciations of the Abolitionists than they were themselves, we suppose we cannot entirely deny the impeachment brought against us.

Happily, we would not deny it, if we could. We have been the instruments, under God, of disturbing the fat slumbers of this nation and startling it to a sense of its guilt and danger. We have laid no plots, we have contrived no conspiracy, all our works have been works of light and not of darkness. We have hatched no treason, we have stimulated no rebellion, we have broken no law. We have told the truth, and it is through the might and prevalence of truth that they whose deeds are of the darkness, dark, and who hate the light because it is the light, have been driven to endeavor to escape from its beams and to build up for themselves a habitation within whose walls it could not reach. This is not what we had hoped to do. It is not what we have tried to do. It is not the natural and necessary result of our labors for the past thirty years. Our whole endeavor has been to prevent a bloody and violent abitrament of the eternal quarrel of Liberty with Slavery. We knew it must come if not averted by a perception of the violation of God's laws in the oppression of the slave and a returning sense of the only way of escape from its penalty by repentance and a forsaking of the sin. Our endeavors have been put forth for the benefit of the masters as well as of the slaves, as well as for the highest prosperity, happiness and glory of the whole country. The weapons of our warfare have been Speech and the Press. We have not aimed our blows at men's bodies but at their spirits. We have not endeavored to slay the one but to enlighten and emancipate the other. And all that we have done has had no other proper and logical tendency. Had our voice been listened to, civil war would have been impossible, the whole continent would have been bound together by ties of harmonious interests, and wealth, strength, freedom and happiness would have flowed as the sea. This war does not grow out of the doctrines preached by us, but out of the eternal hostility of the interests of liberty and slavery which has been the substance of those doctrines and the essence of that preaching. It may be that it is the Abolitionists that have been the immediate occasion of the slaveholding desperation which has thus culminated, through the agitation they have caused in men's minds. But it must have come, in the nature of things, had the Anti-Slavery Societies never been gathered. Men cannot serve God and Belial at one and the same time, though it has been the earnest endeavor of our State-craft and our Church-craft for thirty years past, to show that such service is not only possible, but the deepest piety and the highest patriotism.

Everything has happened differently from the expectation of two years since. Then it was thought that mercantile business was ruined and could not revive again until peace was restored. On the contrary, it never was so great and so profitable as it is now. It was believed that all invested property would become almost worthless, and those depending on its earnings be reduced to want. The returns of almost every kind of investment are more remunerative than ever before, even after the income tax of the government has been deducted. It was feared that the laboring classes would be entirely thrown out of employment and that they would become dependent for support on the capitalists of the country, as the Lancashire operatives have been in England. Instead of this, there was never a time when there was a greater demand for labor or when it was better paid and better off. Apprehensions prevailed that crime would increase and multiply from this set the of things, and that life and property would everywhere be made unsafe from the multiplication of the dangerous classes. So far has this dread been from being answered, the prisons and penitentiaries were never so thinly peopled, and life and property were never more free from attacks upon them than now. In other matters there has been the same discrepancy between prophecy and history. Two years ago, ardent Abolitionists were eager to believe that their work was done and that the common sense of the Nation might be trusted to give the finishing stroke to slavery. It was so clear that the course of justice and right was the only one that could lead to victory and peace. Not a few, indeed, considered that there was nothing more for them to do in their old field of labor. The experience of two years, we imagine, has undeceived most of these enthusiasts. The progress towards the Abolition of slavery has been immense, it has been through much tribulation and over but mighty obstacles. The labors of the technical Abolitionists have never been more needed than during these years. And, happily, they have never been more immediately rewarded. For never before did they have such access to the ear and the heart of the people. Never before had they such close admission to the councils of men in power. They never had so great an influence, direct and indirect, on the affairs of the Nation. They, like the men engaged in the world's business, found that their work was not only not finished or obstructed, but more urgent, more abundant and more profitable than ever.

Two years ago we did not look forward to the endurance of the war to this time. A year since we had hoped that the death-blow to the Rebellion and to slavery would have been effectually dealt ere now. We are entering now into the third year of the war, and we cannot fix upon any time soon to arrive for its winding up. We believe, however, that events are forcing Generals and statesmen into the narrow way of justice from the broad way of compromise that leadeth to destruction. This has been partly because of the necessities of the conflict, and partly because of the pressure of public sentiment at the North growing heavier and more exacting from day to day. This latter share of the work is that which is especially given to us to do. It has always been our chosen as well as appointed task. It was never more imperative in its demands upon us than now. It is to consider how we can do it best and most effectually that we are to meet together at the approaching Anniversary. And in proportion as we believe the end to be at hand, let us be earnest in our endeavors that it may come quickly and be attended with as much blessing and as little injury to white and black men, as is compatible with human imperfections.

A LETTER FROM SARAH M. GRIMKÉ.

THE following letter, it will be observed, is addressed to MR. WILLIAM G. SEWELL, author of a work published some time since by the Harpers, entitled, "Ordeal of Free Labor in the West Indies." Mr. Sewell, as our readers generally will recollect, died more than a year ago; but Miss Grimké wrote in ignorance of the fact, and sent her letter to our care, to be forwarded to its destination. On learning the truth, she consented, at our request, that the letter, which is adapted to counteract a very prevalent error, should appear in THE STANDARD. Abolitionists who are old enough to remember the labors of Miss Grimké, as a speaker and writer, in the early days of the Anti-Slavery movement, will be glad once more to read something from her pen.

PERTH AMBOY, April 20, 1863.

WM. G. SEWELL—*Sir:* I feel as if I might venture to address you without any apology. Your able, impartial and philanthropic work, "Ordeal of Free Labor in the West Indies," is a sufficient pledge of your interest in the African American. I read it with intense interest, and had I the means I would spread it broadcast over my beloved country, trusting to the common sense of her citizens to see that what is true of the African in the British Isles could not but be true of him on the American continent. I should have read your work with unmingled pleasure but for two things, which I know you will pardon me for mentioning: 1st. Your repeated and earnest declarations that you did not regard your views and investigations of the condition and conduct of the colored people in the West Indies, or the working of Emancipation there, as having any relation to the United States, or throwing any light upon the whole subject, by which your own country might see her peril and her degradation, and accept the lesson you so ably inculcate. I trust your book will find its way everywhere that the experiment is now being tried of free labor among the contrabands. 2d. In speaking of the effects of slavery being evil to master as well as slave, you say: "Even in America, where the slaves are treated with kindness and humanity." As the book is loaned out, I may not have the exact words. As you have drawn a *living* portrait of the Plantocracy of America in your chapter entitled "Plantocracy in Jamaica," you may readily judge for yourself whether slaves in this country can be treated with humanity and kindness.

"It has been well said that long periods of general suffering make far less impression on our minds than the short, sharp struggle, in which a few distinguished individuals perish; not that we over-estimate the horror and the guilt of open bloodshed, but we are much too indifferent to the greater misery and greater sin of quiet, legalized oppression—of that most deadly of all evils, when law and even religion herself are false to their divine origin and purpose, and their voice is no longer the voice of God but of his enemy. . . . No pen can record, no volume can detail the sufferings of a people, endured without intermission from the cradle to the grave. The mind itself can scarcely comprehend the wide range of the mischief; how constant poverty and insult, long endured as the natural portion of a degraded caste, bear with them to the sufferers something yet worse than pain; how they dull the understanding and poison the morals; how they, whose condition denies them all noble enjoyments, and to whom looking forward is only despair, plunge themselves into the lowest sensual pleasures, until the domestic circle, the last sanctuary of human virtue, becomes corrupted."

At such a time as this, when the country is staggering under the terrible but just retribution of that God who hears the cry of the oppressed, it is peculiarly important that such men as yourself should be disabused of the false and dangerous idea that American slaves are kindly treated. My brother, Theodore D. Weld, thus strikingly delineates what slavery is and does: "The master by violence usurps the whole being of the slave, absorbs into himself all his rights and interests, striking them out of existence as the slave's means of growth and happiness—God's priceless gifts to him, thus making them solely his own articles of personal property. What profanation of nature's sacred things so impious as this perfidy to her divinest trusts! a blind strife to turn back and break up God's eternal order and the equilibrium of all things; mad onset against everlasting foundations, crushing in the outworks of all human weal, and hurling jargon among the divine symphonies of the universe."

I know there are those who assert that slaves are happy. What fouler blasphemy can be uttered against Jehovah and against him whom He created only a little lower than the angels! Could God create intelligent beings to be happy under a system that levels man with beasts, takes from him the crown of glory placed upon his brow at the time of his creation, and says to him, "lay thy body as the dust, that I may walk over it," and tread out the godhead that is in you? Never! No, never! Perish the thought that thus brings Omnipotent Love down to the lowest grade of human depravity. A little anecdote may illustrate the happiness of the slaves: "John," said I to one of our slaves, "what makes you so merry? You are forever dancing and making fun." He looked at me with an expression in his dark, deep eye that time can never efface. "Miss Sally, I would be crazy, if I didn't fun—I fun to kill thought." He paused and added, solemnly, "I want to be free." Such is the boasted happiness of the slave. I saw from my earliest childhood the injustice of slavery. I sympathized with the slave, pitied his wrongs, and ever lent a willing ear to his sorrows; hence I knew his heart, and was the depositary of his intense longing for liberty, not on account of his treatment, but because he was a human being and felt that he had human rights—because the love of liberty was a part of his being, as indestructible as the God who created him. I will give you another and a totally different instance of the happiness of slaves. I knew a noble man who, after many unsuccessful efforts to attain the boon of freedom, for which he panted with inextinguishable ardor, after enduring hardships and sufferings that might freeze one's blood with horror, finding that he could not escape the scent of the bloodhounds, nor the still keener scent of the slaveholder—after languishing in solitary confinement in a dreary prison for many months, nearly starved, and enduring the cruelest inflictions, finally yielded to the despotic power that crushed him. He returned to his master's service, broken in spirit, the shadows of despair settled on his fine intelligent face, and he smiled never more. Can we calculate the agonies of that lofty spirit ere hope was quite extinguished? He accepted his fate. He said, hopelessly, "Perhaps it is the will of God; Jesus, my Savior, if this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, Thy will be done." It is needless to multiply cases—they are strewn thick as dew-drops through our slave States. I regret that I have not a copy of "Slavery as it Is" to send you; it was prepared by my brother, Theodore D. Weld, is a portrait compiled from Southern newspapers, and exhibits slavery as it is by the slaveholders themselves. Let me entreat you to examine American slavery as you have examined West India Emancipation. I ask it for the sake of the bondman, for the sake of our crucified country—crucified between the two thieves of slavery and compromise. I think I have realized the horrors of the present war as far as they can be realised by one who has not been an eye-witness of the battle-fields rolled in blood, of the hospitals teeming with agonized sufferers, of the desolated homes, of the anguish of those who have lost their heart's treasures; but all this and much more that is incident to war cannot inflict so deadly a wound upon humanity, cannot inflict half the degradation, the misery, the crime and the vice upon the nation that the continuance of slavery will entail both upon master and slave.

Yours, most respectfully,

SARAH M. GRIMKÉ.

TO THE WOMEN OF THE REPUBLIC.

WHEN our leading journals, orators, and brave men from the battle-field complain that Northern women feel no enthusiasm in the war, the time has come for us to speak—to pledge ourselves loyal to freedom and our country.

Thus far there has been no united public expression from the women of the North as to the policy of the war. Here and there one has spoken, and written nobly. Many have vied with each other in acts of generosity and self-sacrifice for the sick and wounded in camp and hospital. But we have, as yet, no means of judging how and where the majority of Northern women stand.

If it be true that at this hour, the women of the South are more devoted to their cause than we to ours, the fact lies here. They see and feel the horrors of the war; the foe is at their firesides; while we, in peace and plenty, live and move as heretofore. There is an inspiration, too, in a definite purpose, be it good or bad. The women of the South know what their sons are fighting for. The women of the North do not. They appreciate the blessings of slavery; we do not the blessings of liberty. We have never yet realized the glory of those institutions in whose defence it is the high privilege of our sires and sons, this day, to bleed and die. They are aristocrats with a lower class, servile and obsequious, intrenched in feudal homes. We are aristocrats under protest, who must go abroad to indulge our tastes, and enjoy in foreign despotisms the courts and customs which the genius of a republic repudiates and condemns.

But, from the beginning of the government, there have been women among us, who, with the mother of the immortal John Quincy Adams, have lamented the inconsistencies of our theory and practice, and demanded for ALL the people the exercise of those rights that belong to every citizen of a republic.

The women of a nation mould its morals, religion and politics. The Northern treason, now threatening to betray us to our foes, is hatched at our own firesides, where traitor snobs, returned from Europe and the South, out of time and tune with independence and equality, infuse into their sons the love of caste and class, of fame and family, wealth and ease, and baptize it all in the name of Republicanism and Christianity.

Let every woman understand that this war involves the same principles that have convulsed the nations of the earth from Pharaoh to Abraham Lincoln—liberty or slavery—democracy or aristocracy—Christianity or barbarism—and choose, this day, whether our republican institutions shall be placed on an enduring basis, and an eternal peace secured to our children, or whether we shall leap back through generations of light and experience and meekly bow again to chains and slavery.

Shall Northern freemen yet stand silent lookers-on when through Topeka, St. Paul, Chicago, Cleveland, Boston and New York, men and women, little boys and girls, chained in gangs, shall march to their own sad music, beneath a tyrant's lash? On our sacred soil shall we behold the auction block—babies sold by the pound, and beautiful women for the vilest purposes of lust; where parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters shall be torn from each other and sent East and West, North and South? Shall our free presses and free schools, our palace homes, colleges, churches and stately capitols all be levelled to the dust? Our household gods all desecrated and our proud lips, ever taught to sing peans to liberty, made to swear allegiance to the god of slavery? Such degradation, and more than words can tell, shall yet be ours, if we gird not up our giant freemen now to crush this rebellion, and root out forever the hateful principle of caste and class. Men who, in the light of the Nineteenth Century, believed that God made one race all booted and spurred, and another to be ridden; who would build up a government with slavery for its corner-stone, cannot live on the same continent with a pure democracy.

To counsel grim-visaged war seems hard to come from woman's lips; but better far that the bones of our sires and sons whiten every Southern plain, that we do their rough work at home, than that Liberty, struck dumb in the Capital of our Republic, should plead no more for man. Every woman who appreciates the grand problem of national life must say war, pestilence, famine, anything but an ignoble peace.

We are but co-workers now with the true ones of every age. The history of the past is but one long struggle upward to equality. All men, born slaves to ignorance, superstition, lust and fear, crept through centuries of darkness, discord and despair—now one race dominant, then another—but in this ceaseless warring, ever wearing off their chains and the gross material surroundings of a mere animal existence, at last the sun of civilization and Christianity dawned on the soul of man, and the precious seed of the ages, garnered up in the Mayflower, was carried in the hollow of God's hand across the mighty waters and planted deep beneath the snow and ice of Plymouth Rock with prayers and thanksgivings. And what grew there? Men and women who loved liberty better than life. Men and women who believed that not only in person but in speech, should they be free, and worship the God who had brought them thus far, according to the dictates of their own conscience. Men and women, who like Daniel of old defied the royal lion in his den. Men and women who repudiated the creeds and codes of despots and tyrants, and declared to a waiting world that all men are created equal. And for rights like these the Fathers fought for seven long years, and we have no record that the women of that revolution ever once cried "hold, enough," till the invading foe was conquered and our independence recognized by the nations of the earth.

And here we are, the grandest nation on the globe. By right no privileged caste or class. Education free to all. The humblest digger in the ditch has all the civil, social, and religious rights, with the highest in the land. The poorest woman at the wash-tub may be the mother of a future President. Here all are heirs apparent to the throne. The genius of our institution bids every man to rise, stand upright, perfect and use all the powers that God has given him.

It cannot be, that for blessings such as these, now twice baptized in blood, the women of the North do not stand ready for any sacrifice.

A sister of Kossuth, with him an exile to this country, in conversation one day, called my attention to an iron bracelet, the only ornament she wore. In the darkest days of Hungary, said she, our noble women threw their wealth and jewels into the public treasury, and clasping iron bands around their wrists, pledged themselves that these should be the only jewels they would wear till Hungary was free.

If darker hours than these should come to us, the women of the North will count no sacrifice too great. What are wealth and jewels, home and ease, sires and sons, to the birthright of freedom, secured to us by the heroes of the Revolution—liberty to universal man? Shall a priceless heritage like this be wrested now from us by Southern tyrants, and Northern women look on unmoved, or basely bid our freemen sue for peace. No! No!! The vacant places at our firesides, the void in every heart says No!! Such sacrifices must not be in vain!! The cloud that hangs o'er all our Northern homes is gilded with the hope, that through these present sufferings the nation shall be redeemed.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

New York, March 30, 1863.

THE COVENANTERS UPON THE PRESIDENT'S FAST.

ACTION OF THE PITTSBURG PRESBYTERY UPON THE PROCLAMATION.

THE Committee upon the President's proclamation for a National Fast respectfully report:

That we regard the President's recent proclamation calling the nation to the exercise of fasting, as far in advance of any public document, from the functionaries of the government, which has ever fallen under our notice. It acknowledges the supreme authority of Almighty God over nations—the duty of nations to own their dependence upon His overruling power—that those nations only are blessed whose God is the Lord; that the calamities now desolating the land are a just punishment for our sins, and that as a nation we have forgotten God, and have been too proud to pray to the God that made us.

We regard it as an evident sign of progress that such a message should have emanated from the Chief Executive of the nation, and we would fain hope that the Lord will be moved from His fierce wrath at beholding "how he humbleth himself before the Lord."

There are, however, two important omissions in the character of the appointed fast which are most important, if not absolutely necessary to have supplied, in order to render it acceptable to the Lord. First: "The fast that God has chosen is to loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke."—Isa. 58:6. While we rejoice and give all credit to the government, and especially to the President, for the emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia, and the proclamation of Emancipation in the rebel States, still "*every yoke*" is not yet broken. A million of men, women and children still toil for naught and sigh by reason of sore bondage, in that portion of the land which is under the entire and willing control of the government.

Now, as the crime of slaveholding is one of our greatest national sins, and God is dealing with us for that sin in sore judgment, can we exspect the removal of the penalty while the crime remains?

We would tender to our country the advice given by Daniel to Nebuchadnezzar: "Now, therefore, break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor, if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquillity," or a return of favor.

The second defect in the proclamation—and we cannot but consider it a most damaging one—is the neglect to acknowledge the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, or to seek forgiveness and restoration to favor in His name. It is only what we ask the Father in Christ's name which has the promise of an answer, and we are directed, whatsoever we do, to do all in the name of the Lord Jesus. Nations as well as individuals can have no access to God except through the Mediator. "No man cometh to the Father but by me." Neither is there any other name under heaven given among men whereby ye can be saved. "Now, therefore, kings be wise, be instructed ye judges of the earth—serve the Lord in fear. *Kiss the Son* lest He be angry and you perish if *His anger* be kindled but a little."

Should this nation observe the day appointed, as we trust they will observe it, it will be a national endorsement of the proclamation; and if after such an act there be not a manifest display of the Divine forgiveness and favor, we shall regard it as attributable to the two circumstances pointed out; first, the failure to break every yoke; second, the neglect to honor the Son even as we honor the Father, and to seek pardon and favor in His name. Our past fastings have been followed by no manifest token of acceptance, and these were certainly the reasons. We would hope better things of this, but still with fear. We know that God is gracious and will not expel his banished.

We would recommend to the congregations under our care that they observe the day appointed by the President as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, and that they supplicate the Divine pardon and favor for the nation through the only medium by which the mercy and favor of God can reach either individuals or nations—IN THE NAME OF CHRIST.

Respectfully submitted,

A. M. MILLIGAN, Chairman Com.

THOMAS SIMS RETURNED TO BOSTON.

A FRIEND in Boston writes as follows:—Thomas Sims, first victim in Boston of the Fugitive Slave law—having been surrendered by U. S. Commissioner George T. Curtis (now of New York) to his claimant in April, 1851—escaped from Vicksburg three weeks since, with his wife and child, and four others, and has *come back to Boston!!* bringing a pass from Gen. Grant, etc. As Garrison often says:

"So round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

We have, continually, to "wait a little longer," but we often are met with astonishing proofs of the victories of Right. "The whirligig of time brings about its revenges." Now Sims, dragged from Boston by miserable hirelings of the United States and city authorities, returns to Boston under the pass of *a United States Major-General*, with his certificate that he had "*brought valuable information*" from the rebel lines to the Federal commander.

THE STORY OF THE FUGITIVE.

From The Boston Traveller, April 24.

Thomas Sims, well known as the first of the persons sent South from this city under the provisions of the Fugitive Slave law, arrived here, last night, with his family. He came direct from the vicinity of Vicksburg, having escaped from that city only three weeks ago. It will be remembered that the master of Sims resided in Savannah, Ga., and that, under the order of the United States Commissioner, Sims, at early dawn, was escorted by the police, under City Marshal Tukey, protected by military, the whole under the direction of United States Marshal Freeman, to Central Wharf, where he was placed on board a vessel which conveyed him to Savannah. Ever since that time he has been held as a slave.

From Mr. Sims we have gathered the following particulars of his experience since his enforced departure from this city: Sims says that after being taken back to Savannah he was kept in jail for some time, and would have been severely punished but for the sympathy manifested for him at the North. Soon after he was taken to Vicksburg, where he remained for ten or twelve years, working for the benefit of his master at his trade as bricklayer. He is married, and has one child about eight years of age. He escaped from Vicksburg in a "dug-out" boat, accompanied by his wife and child and three other men. He started directly for Boston, and would have been here before had he not been detained at Cincinnati by the illness of his wife and child. His report is that the rebels at Vicksburg are in a desperate condition. They have meat occasionally, but the larger portion of their living is bread and molasses. He thinks that within a year the rebels would give in, even if our army should not make any further move against them. Sims remained in Vicksburg up to the time of his escape, but his wife had been removed to a plantation some miles out of the city. He and his friends having obtained the boat, which they concealed, determined to escape. He was allowed to go in and out of the city without restraint, and having hired a horse he went out at night and got his wife and child. They were fortunate in being able to pass the pickets, and with the men of the party they embarked in the boat and put out into the stream. The men were all armed, and had determined, if discovered, to fight for their lives. It was a moonlight night, and at one point they passed near a rebel battery, but providentially the moon was obscured by a cloud just at that time, and they were not seen.

The fugitives report that the slaves are now allowed greater privileges than before the war commenced, and in consequence of there being little cotton planted their work is light. They came away comfortably clothed, but were able to bring nothing with them. Sims wore a new pair of shoes, for which he paid $20. They were clumsily made, and would sell here for about $1.

In regard to matters at Vicksburg, the testimony of Sims is quite conclusive. He states that the rebel army is upon short rations, and is in a terrible condition. Many, and possibly even a majority of the force present would gladly give up the contest, but a reign of terror prevails.

He fully confirms the statement of one of the correspondents from Vicksburg that two whole regiments had recently made full arrangements to revolt and allow the Federals to enter the place, but that their plans were discovered, the ringleaders shot, and the soldiers set to work with the negroes upon the fortifications.

He also states that the poor soldiers of the rebel army have been shot for the expression of the wish that the war might come to an end, even if it resulted in the triumph of the North. Upon suspicion of the entertainment of peace sentiments, both citizens and soldiers have been imprisoned. The country for miles had been swept of provisions, and even these were entirely exhausted two weeks before Mr. Sims left.

Sims had an interview with Gen. Grant after his escape, and received from him permission to pass through his lines *en route* for Boston. As he has been for the past year engaged in peddling among the soldiers, having bought his time of his master, he has undoubtedly acquired considerable knowledge of the sentiments of the troops. He says that their number has been largely overstated.

In connection with this event, it might be stated that ever since his departure from Boston, efforts have been made to purchase Sims. The sum of $1,000 was raised here and offered to his master. It was declined and $2,000 asked; the sum of $1,800 was then offered, but the breaking out of the war put a stop to further negotiations.

TRIBUTE TO GARRISON.

THE following article seems almost to contradict the saying of Jesus, that "a prophet is without honor in his own country." It is remarkable, certainly, that a paper which has been distinguished for its conservatism for a whole generation at least, and which has violently opposed the anti-slavery movement from the very beginning, should now pay such a tribute to the founder and leader of that movement. And that paper, too, published in Garrison's native town! Read!

From The Newburyport Herald, April 24.

William Lloyd Garrison is now the oldest editor in Boston, counting professional life alone; he is also the most successful. There is not an editor in Boston or the world who has been the means of accomplishing as great a revolution in public sentiment and public action, as he. Of the anti-slavery movement which has culminated in this mighty civil war, he can say, "Solitary and alone I set this ball in motion." People tell of the influence of *The Tribune*, of Charles Sumner, of political and religious anti-slavery societies, but of all these Lloyd Garrison was the author—the father. He first declared for immediate and unconditional emancipation. He was the head of the "twelve apostles" of that idea, who formed the first Abolition society. His *Liberator* was the first, and long the only newspaper devoted to that object, and by his pen and living voice and unceasing activity he kept the subject alive in this country and in England. He claimed that this was the "living idea" of the age, and political parties that did not acknowledge it, he spurned and spit upon; Churches that did not admit it, he whipped as with a scourge of scorpions, and drove them from the great temple of religion, as the money changers were driven out of the old Jewish temple; constitutions that did not provide for it, he burned as Luther did the Pope's bull; and unions and confederated leagues that were in opposition, he denounced as of death and hell. The people gazed in wonder, inquiring whence this new light; the mob stoned him in the streets, burned the building where his followers assembled, and threatened his own life; the government of the South put a price on his head, as though he had been a wild beast; and the authorities placed him in jail for safety. He came to his own, here in Newburyport where he was born, and his own received him not—he was forced to speak in streets, fields and barns, because hall and church were closed. The Churches anathematized him as heretic and infidel, a disturber of the peace, hell-born; and prayed God to close his mouth and stop his blasphemies. Many States made his speech a felony; the political parties ostracized all who would know him or look on him; and Congress—the grand supreme Congress of the American nation—refused to allow his petitions to be read in their hearing.

All this is within the memory of the very children; but William Lloyd Garrison was as unmoved as a mountain in a storm, as undismayed as is the mighty ocean, when children from the sea shore throw pebbles into its bosom. He stood up in the midst of the great commotion, and said—"I will instruct the blind guides of the blind in the Churches; I will mould politics into their true form; I will make Legislatures and Congresses, Governors and Presidents; the Constitution shall be interpreted by my light, and the Union as I understand it." Nearly all that he promised himself or predicted for the public, has come to pass or is now being fulfilled. Shrink from it, ye timid ones who reprint him in newspapers, and claim originality; who repeat him in town house, legislative hall, and pulpit, and still perhaps sneeringly pronounce his name—shrink from it, if ye have not the courage to own it, but it is true nevertheless. The little leaven that was placed in the vessel of meal by him who was born in the lowly home in School street, by the boy who ran barefooted in the streets of Newburyport, and who learned his trade, as a printer, in the very office where we now write—has leavened the whole lump. Carefully did we read him for years and years, and we have not received a new idea on slavery since this Administration began or this war was thought of. Eloquent men have written and spoken—clergymen and lawyers, editors and statesmen, philosophers and poets, thinkers and warriors, but he had told all they have said before them, and in many instances before they were born.

Where in the wide world has there been such an instance of success? Luther shook the nations in his day, but he produced not so great changes in politics and religion as has Garrison in his thirty-five years of warfare. Nor did his preaching ever give such changes in social life as will Garrison's, if the President's proclamation is enforced, and slavery dies in this rebellion. Loyola, the father of the Jesuits, gave to the Church and the world an order whose influence has been felt around the globe; but the Jesuits with all their zeal, and learning, their self-sacrifice and power, can point to no such trophies as belong to the non-resistant philosopher and poet of *The Liberator*. In the annals of the world that man has not a name, who was more mighty in shaking the established order of things, and giving the fabric the fashion he designed. Samson with the gates of the city upon his back, or tumbling down the building of his enemies, most represented him; but he was crushed in his victory, while Garrison is yet in the promise of life and may have many years for the new state of affairs which he has been so largely instrumental in forming. We do not agree with him in many of his views, but we think to do him no more than justice in these remarks.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

MR. EDITOR: The Washington letter of the Boston *Daily Herald*, dated at "Washington, March 31, 1863," which is published in *The Herald* of April 3, among other things says:

"The District of Columbia has supplied a good many rebel officers. When they get sick or wounded they manage to smuggle themselves here, where good treatment can be had from their friends. To-day a rebel wounded Major was discovered in Georgetown. How he got there no one knows."

The following statement from the Boston *Daily Journal* of March 27, 1863, will suggest "*how he got there*":

MASONIC INCIDENT.—The day after the battle of Antietam the 5th New Hampshire formed the picket line along the edge of the corn-field where Richardson's Division fought. The reserve was in one edge of the corn, and the pickets about middle way of the field concealed in the corn, as the sharpshooters of the enemy fired on all who undertook to walk around on the battle-field at that locality. Early in the morning one of the wounded rebels who laid just outside the pickets called one of the New Hampshire men and handed him a little slip of paper, on which he had, evidently with great difficulty, succeeded in making some mystic signs in a circle with a bit of stick wet in blood. The soldier was begged to hand the paper to some Freemason as soon as possible, and he took it to Col. E. E. Cross of his regiment. The Colonel was a Master Mason, but could not read the mystic token, it belonging to a higher degree. He therefore sent for Capt. J. B. Perry of the 5th, who was a member of the 32d degree of Freemasonry, and showed him the letter. Capt. Perry at once said there was a brother Mason in great peril, and must be rescued. Col. Cross instantly sent for several brother Masons in the regiment, told the story, and in a few moments four "brothers of the mystic tie" were crawling stealthily through the corn to find the brother in distress. He was found, placed on a blanket, and at great risk drawn out of range of the rebel rifles, and then carried to the 5th New Hampshire hospital. He proved to be First Lieutenant Edon of the Alabama Volunteers, badly wounded in the thigh and breast. A few hours and he would have perished. Lieut. Edon informed his brethren of another wounded Mason, who, when brought out, proved to be a Lieutenant-Colonel of a Georgia regiment. These two wounded rebel officers received the same attention as the wounded officers of the 5th, and a warm friendship was established between men who a few hours before were in mortal combat. This is one of the thousand instances in which the Masonic bond has proved a blessing to mankind.

VIDETTE.

Does not the above article from the Boston *Journal* give a clue to the manner in which rebel wounded officers find their way into the Union camps, and are so well taken care of? Note how the above writer closes the above "incident" by saying: "This is one of the thousand instances in which the Masonic bond has proved a blessing to mankind"

A question arises in my mind whether those Masonic officers of our army would have thus perilled their lives in saving Union men, thus wounded, as they did in saving and taking care of those rebel officers because they were Freemasons and no doubt belonging to the secret order of the Knights of the Golden Circle.

No doubt but secret societies, including Freemasonry and the Knights of the Golden Circle, have been *one of the greatest obstacles* in conquering the rebels, for no doubt but that Gen. McClellan, late of the Union army, and Gen. Lee of the rebel army, were both Freemasons and may have belonged to the other secret order, the Knights of the Golden Circle. Hence the fact that Gen. McClellan felt that secret obligation binding upon him to protect the property of Gen. Lee, of the rebel army.

The Chicago *Tribune* publishes the following, which shows the ill effects of the Secret Order of the Knights of the Golden Circle.

"SUICIDE OF A K. G. C.—The Lafayette, Indiana, *Journal* says that Solomon Henshaw, a wealthy citizen of Fountain County in that State, put an end to his existence on Friday last, in the following manner. He was in the town of Attica during the afternoon, and in conversation with several of the citizens stated that he belonged to a certain secret political order, the first oath of which he could conscientiously take, but the second and third were treason; and in consequence of having divulged some of the secrets of the order, he feared they would kill him. He finally concluded to put an end to his existence, and, with a pistol, shot himself through the brain on the street."

I hold that all secret combinations are *dangerous* in a republican government, and are *base conspiracies* against the rest of the community, and ought to be suppressed by the strong arm of government.

No doubt but that all those rebels of the South who belong to those secret orders—Freemasonry and the Knights of the Golden Circle—make use of all the powers of those secret orders to advance the rebel cause and prevent our conquering them. And now the fact is known, by the above development, justified by the newspaper press, that wounded rebel officers have been saved by Masonic officers of the Union army, at great peril of their lives, does it not follow that the Union cause is much retarded by those secret societies? No doubt but that many political men of the free States belong to both Freemasonry and the Knights of the Golden Circle, as well as Generals and privates in our army. Yours, etc.,

ISAAC STEARNS.

ANOTHER LECTURE BY MISS DICKINSON.

THE following correspondence will give pleasure to our city readers especially, who will gladly embrace another opportunity of hearing Miss Dickinson.

To Miss Anna E. Dickinson:

The undersigned respectfully request that you will, at an early day, repeat the speech made by you last evening to a delighted audience, at the Cooper Institute.—April 22, 1863.

R. E. MCCURDY,	EDWIN HOYT,
SETH B. HUNT,	WILLIAM MITCHELL,
S. B. CHITTENDEN,	CHAS. E WHITEHEAD,
D. R. MANGAM,	NEHEMIAH KNIGHT,
WM. H. MELLEN,	NAHUM SULLIVAN,
O. WM. BIRD,	WM. A. BUDD,
L. W. JEROME,	FLOYD BAILEY,
JOHN A. C. GRAY,	C. H LUDDINGTON,
C. E. DETMOLD,	WILLIAM H. LEE,
J. T. HODGEBOOM,	W. G. KING,
W. C. BRYANT,	R. F. ANDREWS,

And others.

PHILADELPHIA, April 27, 1863.

To Messrs. Edwin Hoyt, Wm. Mitchell, and others:

GENTLEMEN: In compliance with your kind invitation of the 22d, I will speak on "The Three Methods of Peace," at the Cooper Institute, on Saturday evening, May 2.

Very respectfully,

ANNA E. DICKINSON.

Miss Dickinson will accordingly speak at the Cooper Institute on Saturday evening.

To avoid a crowd at the door, it is desirable that tickets for the lecture should be purchased beforehand; and those so purchasing will be admitted to the Hall at the entrance on Third avenue. Doors open at 7—lecture at 8 o'clock.

No reserved seats. Tickets, 50 cents, for sale at this office. Platform tickets $1.

PERSONAL.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is to be the orator for the next Commencement at Waterville College, Ma

the negro, Capt. Klinck immediately threw himself into the work, and has been commissioned by Gen. Thomas Colonel of one of the regiments of blacks which is to be raised within the lines of this corps. By merit alone he has worked himself from the most humble of positions up to that he now holds. As a man the Colonel is noted for an openness of countenance and heart which is sure to win firm and lasting friends. As a speaker he has few peers. His remarks are apt and witty. At his home he is known as Farmer Klinck. He says he is resolved upon testing the capability of the negro in a bellicose point of view, and demonstrating to the world that the negro can, or cannot, fight."

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 27, 1863.

THE mails of the captured steamer Peterhoff have been delivered up to the British Consul in New York —by Mr. Seward—for Mr. Seward did it. I expressed the opinion in a former letter that there would be no war with England because the President and Secretary of State were resolved to avoid a foreign war till the rebellion is suppressed—till we have crushed the slaveholders' revolution. The President and Mr. Seward are unquestionably right, and nervous people should not be at all alarmed hereafter if they see in the morning papers that we are on the verge of a great foreign war. No such thing! No matter what the papers may say—feel secure that the dangers will be *managed* away by the artful Mr. Seward. The Secretary of State is a little fond of a sensation dispatch, like a newspaper man, and it does not give him sorrow to read in the papers that "Mr. Seward has just sent to Mr. Adams a belligerent dispatch—one which asserts the dignity of this government and insists upon fair-dealing by the English government in the matter of the construction of gunboats for the rebels." Yet Mr. Seward will send no dispatch that cannot be toned down by the one that follows it, and no matter how warlike the dispatch may read—it will not lead to war. This should be understood in the future, that people who do not see every day behind the curtain may feel easy on the subject. Again: I believe the Secretary is right in avoiding a foreign war, and that his only mistake is in occasionally talking and writing as if he meant to involve the country in a war with every nation in Europe. How much better to say, "Our first business is to crush the rebellion. We *will not be* turned aside from this work. If you of England see fit to pursue your course of assistance to the rebels, you must do it. We shall triumph in the end, *and then we will not forget you.* If ever a war occurs between you and any other nation, be very sure that your own example shall be followed to your sorrow. But now we cannot fight you, and we put up with your conduct simply because we can't help it." This would be frank, and, it seems to me, manly. A man is not a coward who does not resent an insult if he is already in the midst of a contest with some one else who has tried to take his life. He must finish the fight yet on his hands. When he is through with that, he can take up another if he pleases.

There is a good deal of talk here about the general condition of the army—the nine months and the two years regiments, and the Conscription act which is to fill up the ranks. The army at the present time must number about 600,000 effective men, and it is the general opinion that the rebels have not over 450,000. We shall lose 100,000, and perhaps more, by the expiration of the term of service of certain regiments enlisted for nine months and two years. Perhaps this is an underestimate—that 150,000 will not more than cover the losses of the army during the next three months. The Conscription act will need to raise 200,000 men at least, and if but 200,000 are raised now, another 200,000 will have to be called out in the early Autumn. The rebels have got about all the men into the army that they can find. Henceforth they must be troubled greatly to increase their army from sheer exhaustion. Yet their journals speak coolly of carrying on the war for the next half-dozen years. How are they to raise new armies? It is evident that if they lack men they do not lack pluck.

It remains to be seen how the Conscription act will result. There are those here who predict that it will raise a great deal of money and but few men. The clause which permits any drafted man to pay $300, it is said, will impair the efficiency of the bill. Of course it will if the government is as stupid as it has been heretofore in the management of the war. The only offer of the government to the soldiers whose terms are about to expire to reënlist is a bounty of fifty dollars, I think. Let the government at once offer a bounty of $300, for it may certainly calculate upon obtaining a large amount of money under the Conscription act. If we are to continually wait—to never act promptly—we shall fail. What the nation needs just now is a little smartness. It will not do to act so slowly. By the time the government gets ready to do anything, the time for it has passed. This has been the case too often in the past. We need vigor, more vigor, and still more vigor! And Mr. Stanton needs to learn that bullying men as he used to bully juries is not vigor. He is doing remarkably well just now—especially in preventing good war news from going over the telegraph wires—is exhibiting much ability, and therefore I will not be critical. Now is the time for him to prepare for contingencies later in the season. Already I hear men begin to talk of the prospect of being outnumbered again by the rebels as we were (it is alleged) last Summer.

We are to have a colored regiment in Washington, raised here for purposes of defence. The regiment will have command of one of the defensive forts across the river. There are men who profess that they would rather lose the Capital than have it saved by a negro regiment. I believe they are right—only they are not quite honest; if they were, they would admit that they desire to have Washington fall into the hands of the rebels, no matter who defends it. *The Republican* speaks of the purpose of forming a negro regiment here as follows:

"Rev. J. D. Turner, well known as a friend of the colored people, has been named for the Colonelcy. He was in the military service early in the war, serving faithfully throughout the peninsular campaign. Recently he has been preaching and laboring with the colored people of this city, evincing a deep interest in their moral and religious welfare. We are informed that his application is already before the authorities, endorsed by Hon. John Covode of Pennsylvania, Gov. Ramsey of Minnesota, and others. It is believed that he will be appointed, and the selection is a good one.

"As Lieutenant-Colonel, the name of Rev. W. G. Raymond has been mentioned. He was the Chaplain of Trinity Church hospital during its existence, and is well-known to our citizens as the Lieutenant of the provost guard, in which capacity he displayed those qualities which entitle him to a wider sphere of usefulness. He is a Christian gentleman, and an efficient officer. His appointment would ensure special attention to those details which go so far to promote the comfort and welfare of the private soldier. His application is endorsed by Hon. Preston King of New York, Provost-Marshal Todd, and others.

"Under the direction of such officers we believe that a regiment will be raised within thirty days after their commission, which will eventually become a model for similar organizations. And if the regiment is retained in our fortifications, as is proposed, we do not doubt that, under the eyes of the government, the fact will be demonstrated beyond cavil, that this class of citizens can become cleanly, sober, orderly men and efficient soldiers, doing credit to their race and honor to their country."

The proper place for several colored regiments is here in the vicinity of Washington. We have extensive defensive works here, requiring twenty-five thousand soldiers to man them. Ten thousand of the number may just as well be colored soldiers. They will be right under the eye of the government, where they will receive proper treatment, and besides if it was held out as an inducement to colored troops that they would only be used to garrison forts, many would enlist who otherwise would not. I cannot blame a black man for declining to fight in this war. He runs the risk of being reduced to instant slavery if caught by the rebels, and perhaps of instant death. His risks are incomparably greater than those of the white man. This government can very speedily remove these objections if it pleases. *It can retaliate*, and it must do it if it is going to employ colored troops. The rebel leaders must understand that for every colored soldier they shoot or enslave, we shall shoot a white rebel. When they really believe we are in earnest about it they will treat a black soldier precisely as they treat a white one. They have already backed down from their formal threat of imprisoning our officers because of the Emancipation proclamation. Jeff. Davis feared to face the world with his threat, and backed out from it with as few words as possible. In the same manner we can compel him to treat the black man well.

AYON.

New Publications.

MY SOUTHERN FRIENDS. "All of which I saw, and part of which I was." By EDMUND KIRKE, author of "Among the Pines." New York: Tribune Association.

The contents of this volume appeared in *The Continental Monthly* under the title, "A Merchant's Story." Those who have read "Among the Pines" will need no futher assurance that this new work by the same author is worthy of attention as a picture of life and manners in the slave States. It is a chapter of facts, gathered by the author during sixteen years of intimate business and social intercourse with the planters and merchants of the South, woven into the form of a story. The author does not mean to say that his story is true as a connected whole. It is not. In it, persons are brought into intimate relations who never had any connection in life, and events are grouped together which happened at widely different times; but the incidents illustrating the workings of slavery are nevertheless facts, and all of them, excepting one, occurred under his own observation. The price of the book is $1.

THE PIONEER BOY, and How he Became President. By WM. M. THAYER, author of "The Bobbin Boy," etc. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

This volume traces the life of Abraham Lincoln from his birth in a floorless log-cabin in Kentucky to his election as President of the United States. The writer assures us that the imagination has done no more than connect facts gathered from authentic sources. The story is interesting and instructive in its outline, but in the imaginary portions often unnatural and therefore distasteful. The author's desire to give a pious turn to his narrative at every step shows itself in the constant recurrence of phrases which must strike truly religious persons as bordering upon cant.

A HAND-BOOK OF THE U. S. TAX LAW, with all the Amendments to March 4, 1863; comprising Decisions of the Commissioners of Internal Revenue, together with copious Notes and Explanations. By AMASA A. REDFIELD. New York: Sold at the Tribune office.

Tax-payers of every class will find in this volume the very information they need, to enable them to estimate their liabilities in the way of taxation, and to guide them in the discharge of those liabilities.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for May contains: The Great Prairie State, by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland; A Winter in Camp, by E. G. Hammond; In Memoriam, by Richard Wolcott; A Merchant's Story, by Edmund Kirke; Shylock vs. Antonio, by Carlton Edwards; A Heroine of To-Day; National Ode; The Surrender of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, on the Mississippi, by F. H. Gerdes, Assistant U. S. Coast Survey; Reason, Rhyme, and Rhythm, by Mrs. Martha Cook; The Value of the Union, by William H. Muller; War Song, "Earth's Last Battle," by Mrs. Martha Cook; Miriam's Testimony, by M. A. Edwards; The Destiny of the African Race in the United States, by the Rev. J. M. Sturtevant, D.D.; Was He Successful? by Richard B. Kimball; The Union, by the Hon. Robert J. Walker; The Causes and Results of the War, by Lieut. Egbert Phelps, U. S. A.; Great Heart; Literary Notices. New York: John F. Trow, 50 Greene st; Sinclair Tousey, 121 Nassau st.

TRIBUNE WAR TRACTS.—The Tribune Association is publishing a series of War Tracts, which ought to have a wide circulation.

No. I.—The Conduct of the War—being the Report of the Joint Congressional Committee on the management and operations of the Army of the Potomac, while in command of Gen. McClellan; together with Lord Lyons's Letter to Earl Russell, giving an account of his conferences with the Copperhead leaders of the North.

II. Gen. Butler's speech at the Academy of Music, April 2, 1863.

III. Bull Run—Ball's Bluff—Department of the West—Fremont; being the Report of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War upon these several topics.

IV. The Testimony before the War Committee of Gens. Hooker, McClellan and Burnside.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

The National Intelligencer of Tuesday contains the announcement that Gen. Hooker commenced a movement on Monday morning at daybreak, and that *at sunrise heavy masses of artillery and other troops were crossing the river.* This is unquestionably true, and the telegraph may give our readers news of a battle before this sheet can reach them.

Dispatches from St. Louis bring assurances of the complete failure of the rebel demonstrations in Missouri. Repulsed at Cape Girardeau, Marmaduke, on Monday morning, commenced his retreat, followed by Gen. McNeil with his victorious troops. The flying columns of the rebels were intercepted by a National force, under Gen. Vandever, and again defeated with the loss of a large number of prisoners, with horses, arms, etc. At last accounts the enemy were in full flight toward Bloomfield.

We have news from Tennessee of a dash of our cavalry upon a rebel post about eight miles south of Franklin, the capture of a considerable number of rebels, including several commissioned officers, and the seizure of a number of horses and mules, and destruction of medical and other stores. We have also a rumor that the rebel Gen. Bragg has been shot and instantly killed, by Breckinridge, at Tullahoma.

We now have an official assurance from Major-Gen. Grant that six additional gunboats and twelve barges ran past the Vicksburg batteries on the night of the 21st ult., with the loss of only two men mortally and about ten otherwise wounded. Gen. Grant considers this a triumphant success.

The Port Royal *New South* of April 18 gives much prominence editorially to the following paragraph: "The reenforcements now ordered, and on their way from the North will soon elevate this department to the first rank in public interest and military importance. We are not at liberty to give further indications, but this much is certain, the gray-backs along the Southern coasts are about to have some lively and interesting times."

We have advices from New-Orleans to the 19th ult. The most important news relates to the operations of Gen. Banks's army in the Teche Country. The reports are of the most satisfactory character. Gen. Banks reached Vermilionville, after a spirited fight at the crossings of the Vermillionville Bayou, a short distance from the village, and expected to reach Opelousas by the night of the 19th, with his entire command. It appears that he had previously fought a severe engagement at Bethel Place, at which the rebels had strong fortifications—the struggle lasting two days, and ending in the retreat of the rebels. Gen. Grover had also fought a battle, in which he defeated the enemy and captured a large number of prisoners. It is further reported that the rebel fortifications at Bute la Rose had been reduced by our fleet, and that the place was in our possession. The rebels have destroyed a large number of steamers to prevent their falling into our possession.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom."—Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

COLORED TROOPS FROM OBERLIN.

Fourteen of our colored citizens have answered to the call of good Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, and enrolled themselves in the black regiment (54th Mass. Vols.) now forming near Boston. Five left for Mass. on the 3d inst.; the remainder started on Thursday evening last. Three are fugitives, and three emancipated slaves. Each member of the last detachment was presented with four dollars in money and a Testament as a contribution by a few of our citizens. Before leaving, the company were addressed in a few parting remarks most appropriate to the occasion, by Principal Fairchild. The party, which numbers among its names some of our most industrious and respected colored townsmen, has the God speed and good wishes of all our people.—*Oberlin News.*

FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

Hilton Head, April 14.—During the absence of the expedition to Charleston the negro brigade, under the command of Col. Higginson, did most excellent service in discharging advanced picket duty on Port Royal Island. With the enemy in full sight, and daily threatening an attack upon the defenses of Beaufort, they maintained their soldierly bearing, and displayed as much coolness and bravery as their white comrades in arms. It is quite amusing to hear officers who were bitterly opposed to arming the negroes a few months since say that if we had three or four more negro brigades we might accomplish something in this department.

April 20.—The negro brigade is still doing duty on Port Royal Island. The moment the rebels on the opposite side of Beaufort River discovered that the negroes were in front of them, in direct violation of an agreement not to fire upon pickets, commenced firing upon the negroes, and wounded two of them. The moment Gen. Hunter learned what they were about, he gave orders to the negroes to return the fire vigorously, and shoot every rebel soldier they saw at sight. The order was quickly obeyed, and several Butternuts were seen to bite the dust. For the past few days we have not heard of any more firing upon negro pickets. Some rebel officer, desiring to communicate with Gen. Hunter by flag of truce at Port Royal Ferry, instructed the officer bearing it to hold no intercourse with any officer commanding a negro regiment. As Col. Higginson happened to be the officer in command, the flag of truce was returned, with no answer.—*Tribune.*

FROM VIRGINIA.

Suffolk, Va., April 17.—The negroes may be seen using the spade to good advantage if any one is desirous of seeing them at work, provided it is known where that and so much work is being done. I must write this in favor of the darkeys. *Ever since the enemy's first appearance they have worked hard and faithfully, and been inestimable service to the government.* Occasionally squads of contrabands may be met passing through town under guard. These are new and just picked up recruits for the spade and shovel exercise. They have been "seized" somewhere in town, or been found prowling around the camp. And now, as curiosity is about to "lay me down to sleep," we will take a look about "Greeleyville," as the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania designate it. You see a very large number of one story shanties; before some of them are fences and shade trees. The place is very clean, and under the immediate superintendence of Corporal Sykes—a non-commissioned officer detailed for that purpose. The wenches are not now so excited as they were a few days ago; and if it were not for the occasional booming of cannon, and the remarks of the little "nigs," the verdant might not even dream that an enemy's guns can be seen on the opposite shore.—*Cor. Bennett's Herald.*

ENLISTMENT OF NEGROES IN WASHINGTON.

Washington, April 27.—The officers of the inchoate negro regiments now forming without specific authority in this city assert that they have already the names of nearly a sufficient number of men to fill up the ranks, and declare that if the government will authorize it, and will assure all who enlist the same protection as white soldiers enjoy, a brigade can be raised in the District, so eager are blacks to serve. These facts were represented to the President to-day by Commissioner Dole.

COLORED TROOPS TO GARRISON FORTRESS MONROE.

We learn from the Boston *Transcript* that Governor Andrew recently commissioned Mr. John Wilder as Lieutenant to proceed to Fortress Monroe for the purpose of recruiting a company of blacks for the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth regiment; the company was promptly raised, when the Secretary of War decided that it should not come North, but remain there to man the Fort, and thus allow the white troops to go into the field. Secretary Stanton has since dispatched an order to General Dix to muster Lieutenant Wilder's company into the United States service under him as Captain. This is doubtless the initiatory movement towards garrisoning the Southern forts with colored soldiers, thus saving the health and lives of white troops.

NEGRO REGIMENTS IN THE WEST.

There is a great demand in Gen. Grant's army for positions in the negro regiments now forming. A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* says:

"Even Gen. Gorman has made application to be placed in command of a negro brigade. It is said that every one of the officers who have been peculiarly bitter in their denunciation of the policy of arming slaves are now in for it, tooth and nail. Are we to believe our senses?"

EMANCIPATION WITHOUT COMPENSATION.

One hundred negroes, men, women and children, from Lafayette, Johnson, and the border Counties of Missouri, landed at Wyandotte yesterday morning. They had an abundance of provisions as well as a large lot of mules, horses and cattle. On the road as they were coming up from below the bushwhackers attacked them, about fifteen in number. The negro men, about forty, well armed, with shotguns and pistols, resisted the guerillas successfully—killing three and wounding others. Eight negroes were wounded, three severely, but it is thought they will recover. This is emancipation *without* compensation.—*Kansas City Journal of Commerce, April* 8.

FROM TENNESSEE.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 11, 1863.—Gen. Rosecrans is perplexed about the disposition of *Les Noirs Americaines.* Clouds of negro women and children are gathered within our lines and are burdens to the army. What shall we do with them? Rebels often send them to our outposts that we may take care of them, trusting that they will recover them hereafter. This ought not to be. In consequence of the heartless bigotry of people of the free States, Gen. Rosecrans cannot send them North—even if he could ship them through Kentucky.

The selfish demagogues of the Northern States would raise a clamor about a black immigration that nothing short of a physical force would subdue. The poor creatures who would make a living in the free North cannot live with their masters, because they will starve to death. Tell us, then, *Tribune*, what to do. Will not some gentle Copperhead venture a suggestion? The rebels keep all the able-bodied negroes they can find to build fortifications. The women and children are launched upon our charity. Will not tax-payers make more money by receiving them North? Here they are expensive and valueless. North the women can make $1 50 and $2 per week, supporting themselves and their children. But ignorance and bigotry must work their own cure.

Ohio people—laboring people at that—prefer to pay 25 and 30 cents a bushel for coal, rather than receive competing labor in the market. The demagogues will not permit them to see that a reduction of the expenses of living is so much added to their daily wages. Let us wait a little. None so blind as they who will not see. Perhaps the wilfully blind may see in due time. The main point now is to solve the present difficulties which afflict us. Tell us what to do with them when we are done with them, and what to do with the women and children.—*Tribune.*

NEGRO ENLISTMENTS IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

Helena, Ark., April 18.—There is a movement of incalculable importance going forward here. Facts are now being realized that two years ago John Brown would never have dreamed of. Within the space of one week 800 negroes have been enrolled in the army of the Union. They swarm in daily by the scores, from all directions. Capt. Reeves, on a scouting expedition, came upon a number of them plowing on their master's plantation. He asked them if they would like to "sodger" for Uncle Sam. They answered without hesitation, "Yes"; whereupon the Captain told them to get upon their mules and follow him, which was done with a promptitude which would have done honor to the minute men of the Revolution. They come in voluntarily and enthusiastically. Dr. Patterson, who was examining them, told me that he asked every one who came under his hands whether he entered the service freely, telling them at the same time that they would have to fight hard for their freedom; and with one exception they all replied in the affirmative.

One old man, between 60 and 70, when told that he could not pass muster, cried like a child. He said he was not too old to be a free man. He was admitted. The negroes in camp are of all ages, from the old patriarch of 80 to the lad hardly large enough for a drummer boy, and of every phase of humanity, from the face whose brutality is scarcely human to many whose intelligence would compare favorably with that of a majority of white men. But among them all there is a confiding trust in their commanders and a devotion to our cause which knows no doubt. Their camp, last Sunday afternoon, presented a scene of strange and surpassing interest. The regiment was drawn up in columns of companies, then seated with heads uncovered, for an afternoon service. The sight suggested none of those grotesque and ludicrous ideas which vulgar wit commonly attaches to the negro. No man could cast his eye over that assemblage of faces without a feeling of profound sadness at the sufferings and degradation of this people, and wonder at that Providence whose hand is guiding them through these stormy trials. You could see "Uncle Tom," with his white hair and rude expressive face, and here and there a bright mulatto, with none of the repulsive features of the African. The majority of them wore countenances marked with the impress of ages of oppression, care and toil-worn, with hardly any expression but that of patient sorrow and a simple trust which was touching to see.

Col. Wood, their commander, told them to strike up some familiar hymn. An old negro thereupon commenced, "When I can read my title clear," all joining in that rude, plaintive style, so peculiar to their race. During the exhortation which followed there was a mute attention and evident interest, which would have done credit to any white audience. When the address was over, all united in singing, "The year of jubilee is come."

I have watched the formation of this regiment with intense interest, and not without misgivings. It is not to be one among a few short-lived ephemera, but the embryo of a tremendous army of hundreds of thousands. The rapidity with which they are now being enrolled is significant. Three regiments are already, I am told, being raised in Lake Providence. And as the black legion swell in numbers, and multiplies its battle-fields, it will gather momentum. The story and the contagion will spread like wild-fire, till it penetrates every nook and corner of slave territory. Is this tremendous army to be a black thunder-cloud, charged with massacre and desolation, or a safe and efficient auxiliary to the cause of law and order? As to its fighting qualities there can hardly be any question. They have all the distempered passions of an enslaved race. They have every incentive which can stimulate human nature to make them fight. They may lack an intelligent understanding of the present controversy, but they at least remember the whip of the overseer,* they know that as captives they can expect no mercy.

I am satisfied they will all prove subordinate. They esteem it a privilege and glory to hold Uncle Sam's musket, and fight under his banner. The position of common soldier is to them that of a prince. They will bear a severer *regime* than any white soldier. A discipline which one of our "sovereigns" would esteem a disgrace has no stigma to men who have all their lives been under the lash. They must have, and they will bear, an Austrian command. This is the safe and the humane course. Let them be controlled by a firm but kindly hand, and there need be no apprehension of the humane course. Let them be controlled by a firm but kindly hand, and there need be no apprehension of their proving a failure. Their camp, last Sunday afternoon, presented a scene of strange and surpassing interest. The regiment was drawn up in columns of companies, then seated with heads uncovered, for an afternoon service. The sight suggested none of those grotesque and ludicrous ideas which vulgar wit commonly attaches to the negro. No man could cast his eye over that assemblage of faces without a feeling of profound sadness at the sufferings and degradation of this people, and wonder at that Providence whose hand is guiding them through these stormy trials. You could see "Uncle Tom," with his white hair and rude expressive face, and here and there a bright mulatto, with none of the repulsive features of the African. The majority of them wore countenances marked with the impress of ages of oppression, care and toil-worn, with hardly any expression but that of patient sorrow and a simple trust which was touching to see.

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* Dr. Patterson informs me that in many cases the backs of the negroes bore the scars of the overseer's whip.

hardly seen finer soldiers than the famous Algerines. This antipathy to negro regiments is the prejudice only of ignorant men. And yet it must be admitted that such prejudice does exist to a large extent in the army, and is one of our most serious causes of apprehension. There are worthless fellows in every regiment, who are ready to raise a laugh at the expense of a "nigger." Even colored women do not escape insult. Such conduct must be punished with the utmost severity, or it will occasion serious difficulty.

The negro regiment now being organized is fortunate in having Col. Wood for its commander. He is a graduate of Woolwich Academy in England, has been in the West India service in command of negroes, and his experience with them amply qualifies him for the position he now holds. Previous to his present position he was Lieutenant-Colonel to the 1st Indiana Cavalry, and esteemed as a most efficient officer. He evidently adds the rare qualification of high moral character.

Happily for the success of the enterprise, Gen. Prentiss enters into it heart and soul. He is open and earnest in his advocacy of it. Although formerly a Democrat, his long experience at Cairo and long confinement in Southern prisons have left him entirely free from any of those tender compunctions on the slavery question which hamper his former associates; and to-day the policy of arming the negroes has no more earnest or faithful supporter. In the midst of secret enemies or lukewarm supporters of the present war policy, all honor to such men.

Last Sunday we went out to see the new regiment parade. It was a novelty to pass black sentinels, armed with muskets, and to receive and return their salute. In a few days the whole regiment is to be armed and equipped and dressed just the same as other troops, with no badges of inferiority. This is the will of Gen. Thomas, in which he no doubt represents the President and Secretary of War. Col. Wood, however, would like a fancy Zouave dress for them. With only a few days drill they went through several evolutions with great precision and accuracy. They were drawn up in a solid body, and listened to religious services and addresses by the Rev. J. G. Forman, Post Chaplain at Helena, and the Rev. J. E. Thomas, Chaplain 56th Ohio Infantry. Their devout attention and excellent singing were most remarkable. They are all VOLUNTEERS. The new movement has arrested the tide of emigration northward. They now want to remain and take a part in the war.

Those who are unfit for military service are to be settled upon abandoned plantations, and their industry protected by these very troops, who will form a line of defense for the whole river, and protect navigation from the hordes of guerillas that have hitherto molested it. They will have an interest in doing this, as their own wives and children will be included in the settlement.

If this movement should end in planting a new civilization for the black man along the Lower Mississippi, would it not be a just retribution of Providence upon the rebellious race that have so long oppressed and lorded it over these people? For a hundred miles each side of this great river we may now expect to see them flock to our standard, and it will be found that there is a tremendous efficacy in the President's proclamation. All that was necessary was to give it an opportunity of executing itself, which a Copperhead, Democratic sentiment in the army has so long prevented. But thank heaven that sentiment has at last given way, and the new policy meets with almost universal approval.

The rebels are much alarmed at the new aspect the war is assuming. No trade with the enemy and the arming of the negroes are carrying terror to the very heart of rebeldom.—*Tribune.*

TAKE AYER'S PILLS for all the purposes of a purgative, for Constipation, Indigestion, Headache and Liver Complaint. By universal accord, they are the best of all purgatives for family use.

Summary.

Howell Cobb says that but two things stand in the way of an amicable settlement of the present national difficulty—"only two things: the landing of the pilgrims and original sin."

Under the title of "The South as it Is; or, Twenty Years' Experience in the Southern States of America," Messrs. Saunders, Otley & Co. have just published a work by the Rev. T. D. Ozanne, M.A.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—In the pockets of each of three Ohio deserters who are to be shot in Western Virginia next week, letters were found from their fathers advising them to desert. Gov. Tod has advised the President to shoot the fathers instead of the sons.

RUNAWAY SLAVES.—A letter from Annapolis, Md., to the Baltimore *Sun* says that "last week about two hundred slaves ran away from several owners residing in Anne Arundel County, and, as it is supposed, wended their footsteps towards Washington."

POSTING THE PROCLAMATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—A few nights since, a Lieutenant and two men of one of Gen. Grant's regiments crossed from Louisiana to the Mississippi shore, and posted copies of the President's proclamation in conspicuous places.—*Exc. Post.*

The debt of the Confederate government is eight hundred million of dollars, and the Charleston *Mercury* estimates the yearly current expenses of the government in the future at eighty-four million, or about seven dollars a year to each man, woman and child, white and black, in the twelve million of population, eight or nine times as much as any tax ever levied in South Carolina.

"MARCHING ON."—We have it on direct and reliable authority that Secretary Stanton made the statement some days ago that within one month a military camp would be formed at Harper's Ferry for the drill and organization of the contrabands, and that it should be called *Camp John Brown!* Marching on—aren't we?—*Oberlin (O.) News.*

FREEDMEN IN ST. LOUIS.—The Superintendent of Freedmen at St. Louis gives notice through *The Democrat* that the demand for colored laborers is beyond his ability to supply. Some thirteen hundred freedmen were placed at his disposal, while the applications made number between nine and ten thousand.

AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE TREATY.—The President has officially proclaimed the additional article to the treaty between the United States and Great Britain for the suppression of the African slave trade. It extends the reciprocal right of visit and detention by providing that it may also be exercised within thirty leagues of the Island of Madagascar, within thirty leagues of the Island of Puerto Rico, and within the same distance of the Island of San Domingo.

There is to be a centennial celebration at St. Albans, Vt., on August 17, when an historical address will be delivered by A. O. Aldis, and a poem by John G. Saxe. The hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Machias, Me., is to be celebrated on the 20th of May. It is anticipated that Geo. S. Hillard of Boston, Professors Hitchcock, Harris, and other natives of the old territory will be present and participate in the ceremonies.

Our American missionaries among the South Africans find more trouble to reconcile our war with their teachings, than Bishop Colenso did, among the same question-asking barbarians, the history of the Old Testament with reason and arithmetic. Say the simple Zulus: "Have they no missionaries in America to teach them not to fight? We are told we must not have wars if we are Christians, and we do not; and now we hear that in America they have war and are killing each other."

BLACK LAW TO BE TESTED.—The Quincy *Republican* says a case involving the constitutionality of the Black Laws of Illinois, came before the Circuit Court, in session in that city, on Tuesday last. Hon. O. H. Browning made an argument against the law, but Judge Sibley decided in favor of the law, and held the parties to answer—several colored people who had entered the State in violation of the statute. The case will be carried to the Supreme Court.

A SAD EXPERIENCE.—Rev. Ephraim Johnson of Pittsfield heard that one of his two sons in the army was sick in a New York hospital, and that the other lost a leg at Fredericksburg. Starting immediately to find them, he met the dead body of one, and, hurrying on to assist the living son, was robbed of his scant purse by the way, and reached Washington only to learn that the second boy was dead and buried. Kind friends promised to send the body home to him. The coffin came—but by some mistake the body was a stranger's.—*Chronicle.*

Rev. J. B. Rogers, Chaplain of the Fourteenth Wisconsin regiment, who has been in charge of the freed blacks at Cairo for some months, confirms a statement which appeared in the papers last Fall, of the fiendish barbarity of the rebels in Northern Alabama, which was so monstrous as to be received with incredulity. He says that the rebels actually butchered about a thousand blacks to prevent them falling into the hands of the Union army. Two hundred were confined in a large building, the building fired, and every one of them burned to death!

AMERICAN SILVER IN CANADA.—There is so great a glut of American silver in Canada that it has fallen twenty per cent. below par. The question, What to do with our silver? has greatly puzzled the Canadians, and eventually a motion has been made in the Legislature to make it a legal tender. Heretofore it passed for four per cent. more than British silver; but the influx has been so great that banks refuse to lend on it or take it on deposit, railroad corporations refuse it for fare, and merchants decline to receive it except at the rate of eighty or ninety cents on the dollar.

A WOMEN'S RIOT AT MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.—The Atlanta (Ga.) *Confederacy* announces that there was a women's riot at Milledgeville, in that State, on the 10th ult. There were about three hundred women engaged, many of them well clothed, "and some of them well clad," says *The Confederacy's* correspondent. They pitched into the dry goods store of Mr. Gans, a Jew, and seized his fine goods. After a frightful flurry the delicate creatures were dispersed by an eloquent appeal from Judge Harris, of the Superior Court. The correspondent says the women "didn't want anything but the fine things."

PUBLIC SENTIMENT.—The change of public sentiment in reference to colored soldiers was well illustrated by the enthusiasm which greeted Sergeant Jones' men, this morning, on their way to the cars. The remarks of the bystanders were, "We ought to have begun this long ago," "That's all right," "Pretty well done," etc., etc. Some soldiers just returning from the war were asked their opinion. They replied, "Send forward every man, white or black, who is willing to go." As the cars rolled away, the colored squad struck up "Old John Brown," as a farewell to Albany.—*Albany Statesman.*

THE CONNECTICUT REPUBLICANS, proud of their victory, mean to renew, in honor of it, the ancient glories of election or inauguration day at Hartford, on the first Wednesday (6th) of May. Then the Legislature assembles, Gov. Buckingham is reinstalled, all the military companies left in the State will be gathered on parade, "election cake" will be eaten by the upper ten, and gingerbread by the million; and Miss Anna Dickinson, the heroine of the triumph, will be brought back from Philadelphia, and crowned with—say, trailing arbutus, as befits the season and sex.—*Springfield Republican.*

SELF-EMANCIPATION.—A correspondent in Washington writes us that within a few days sixty slaves have fled from their masters in Maryland to the District of Columbia. He thinks it will not be long before the slaveholders in that State will be willing to dispose of all their human chattels at a heavy discount. A biblical critic recently, in commenting on 1 Cor. vii, 21, 22, expressed the opinion that the apostle in that passage designed to exhort those who were "called being servants," to "abide" in that calling, even though they might have the opportunity to be "made free." The "servants" referred to by our correspondent evidently prefer the older and more natural interpretation, and seeing a chance to become free they "choose it rather."—*Chr. Adv. and Jour.*

A CONTRABAND'S INGENUITY.—A correspondent of *The Tribune* in the Army of the Rappahannock tells this story: "A negro in the employ of one of our officers, gifted with remarkably large feet, which accounts for the excellent understanding displayed by him as herein set forth, was unable to procure a shoe of sufficiently large pattern in which to encase his unfortunate extremities. Setting his wits to work, he hit upon the following happy expedient by which he made one pair of twelves out of two pairs of sixes. He got his master to procure the first pair, and a brother officer a second; he cut the toes off one and the heels off the other, and tacked the two together, and so made a perfect fit. Who will say that the African is without ingenuity?"

EXTENSION OF COTTON CULTIVATION.—The Manchester Cotton Supply Association have received many interesting letters showing a desire in various parts of the world to extend the cultivation of the cotton plant. The efforts making in Egypt have induced the Association to send out all the seed that could be spared, and at their meeting on Tuesday they had applications

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

OUR PROMISE TO THE SLAVE.

Were the rebel States to say to the Federal government to-morrow, "Withdraw your proclamation of freedom, and we will each return to loyalty, elect members to the next Congress, and fulfil every constitutional obligation," *we hold that the President would be at perfect liberty to accept the offer if he saw fit*, taking care that every one, whether white, black or of mixed blood, who had adhered to and served the Union in the struggle should be shielded from persecution therefor.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

AY, take it back, that plighted word the Nation's lips have spoke;
Make null and void the holy pledge we vowed should be unbroke;
Then pause, and o'er the worthy deed God's sacred name invoke!
—Oh, Countrywomen, fair and leal! oh, brave men, strong and true!
The Crisis-hour has come at length, has come to me and you;
For in the house of Christ's own friends His soul is pierced anew.

Not in the ranks of armèd foes the fiercest danger lies;
The bolt that carries death may crash from out serenest skies,
And where the green grass greenest grows, may rankest poisons rise.

O fevered lips that long have drank the bitter, Marah tide!
Was it for this we brought you forth sweet Freedom's fount beside,
And bade you taste the healing draught so long to you denied?

No!—by each drop of blood we've given the nation's life to save,
By every Hero-soul gone up from blue Potomac's wave,
We'll keep unbroke our plighted word, *our Promise to the Slave!*

No!—prate of peace on other terms than Justice, ye who may;
A nation's word is no light jest to bandy for a day:
And what is writ is writ, and like God's truth, shall stand for aye!

CAROLINE A. MASON.

THE FREEDMEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE SCHOOLS—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE—THE ADMINISTRATIVE SYSTEM.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

II.

PORT ROYAL, March 25, 1863.

My first visit was to Hilton Head Island, and here I noticed but very few mulattoes. Nearly all the people are pure black. On St. Helena and other islands the proportion of yellow people is greater, but on Port Royal Island they form a considerable part of the population, especially in Beaufort. There are no tables to show the number of each complexion. I was told that among the documents found when our forces took possession were a great number of records or manifests of shipments of slaves made from Hilton Head, in years past, with a descriptive list of each "chattel"; and those who examined these lists found that the greater number of those sold away were of the mixed blood. Thus the planters and overseers profitably rid themselves of the evidences of their vice and guilt.

In Miss Kennedy's school, at Beaufort, I saw a child perfectly beautiful and charming—a little girl, some six or seven years old, by complexion a clear brunette, with slightly "wavy" hair, regular—almost classic—features, and the most graceful motions. It was a child that any one might be proud of, but its father had taken no thought of this little one when he fled from the terror of the "Yankees"—unless, perhaps, he thought bitterly of the thousands of dollars she would have brought him in a few years exposed on the auction-block.

THE SCHOOLS.

I suppose it was mere chance that in the schools I visited I found the best scholars to be among the pure blacks. My tests were by no means sufficient to found a theory on; and I heard no one generalizing in the matter. The little child mentioned above, though evidently bright, was certainly behind her classmates with her reading and spelling; but then pretty children are scarcely ever good students. In her class the boy who outspelled everybody, in my hearing, and who was equal to every hard word given out, was as black as night, and in features and gesture a regular "Jim Crow." In almost all the schools you find children with blue eyes and light hair—oftenest yellow. One boy I saw in Miss Town's school on St. Helena's who had the square head, the "shock" of hair, and much of the expression of Robert Toombs, of Georgia.

The children in the schools are of all sizes and ages. Generally, in one corner of the room you will find half a dozen or a dozen girls nearly grown; and from that they range down to little urchins of four and five years. The larger girls I always found dressed with neatness and propriety; the mass of the school, however, is clad in a curious and inexhaustible variety of rags, of all shades and materials. On Sunday children and parents come to church in better clothing, and many of the women have finery and even wear hoops. The rags seemed to me clean—which is the principal thing; but they hung upon the little fellows in the oddest ways imaginable; and some of the materials were of the most curious. I think it was Captain Hooper who described to me a boy he met going to school in the morning, clad in a shirt of Brussels and a pair of trowsers of ingrain carpet. You see, they use what comes to hand.

Their conduct in the schools is satisfactory to the teachers. They are restless, as all children are: for my part, with doors and windows open, and the warm sunlight shining in upon the busy company of spellers and readers, I wondered that they could be kept in at all. The attendance is regular, the parents being anxious that their children shall learn. I heard no complaints from teachers; and I am sure that these ladies would find it difficult to manage, in a New England or western country school, such big boys as I saw sitting submissive under their rule. They take great delight in singing, which is very properly a part of the daily routine. They have fine voices and an excellent ear for time; and some of the larger boys roar a deep base. Besides the songs which have been introduced by the teachers, they have their own, of which the melodies are always quaint, and often full of music. "Roll, Jordan, Roll," has a glorious swing. The words mostly tell of death, and the happier life beyond; and in fact all the songs I heard, even among the boatmen and other grown people, related to Scripture stories and religious sentiment.

One song, sung with peculiar force and unction, had for refrain an aspiration for liberty which not even the masters, probably, ventured to check. I remember but two lines:

"I'll follow Jesus's ways,
No man can hinder me!
I'll do what Jesus says,
No man shall hinder me!"

The first stanza of another clings to me, as curious a bit of folk-song as I ever met:

"Old massa Death
He's a very little man,
He goes from door to door;
He kills some souls,
And he wounds some,
Good Lord, remember me;
Good Lord, remember me;
Remember me as the years roll round,
Good Lord, remember me."

I trust the teachers will gather up and preserve not only the words but the melodies which are thus sung. They will quickly disappear; and some of them are eminently worth preserving.

ATTACHMENT TO THEIR OLD HOMES.

The people remain for the most part in their old homes. Some have removed to Beaufort, where there is a considerable demand for servants and other laborers; and on Hilton Head Island the necessities of the Quartermaster's Department, which employs there alone some six hundred men, have brought many families down to the fort. Outside of its limits Gen. Mitchel caused a village to be laid out, where there are now upwards of a hundred houses; and on Gen. Drayton's place another is growing up from the same demand. Gen. Mitchel's village was unfortunately laid out on too contracted a scale. The plot of ground assigned to each cottage is not large enough to furnish support to the owners, as it is desirable, for the present, at least, that it should—the women being quite capable and ready to cultivate the ground. It seemed to me, too, that the site chosen was the least fertile I saw. I am afraid some city-bred surveyor was engaged to do the work, more used to measuring mother earth by the inch than by the rood. However, the people are contented and industrious; I saw the women and children in every "lot" planting sweet potatoes, and preparing the ground for corn. I observed that wood ashes are used as manure.

"Ef only de Yankees whips em," said an old woman to me, "I'se happy." There is a degree of uncertainty about their position and about their future which is doubtless a clog upon their enterprise—yet it does not affect them perceptibly.

Not only have the greater number of the people remained on their old plantations, but they still live in their old quarters, they continue to work in their old "tasks," they display the same strong local attachment which Mr. Sewell noticed as characteristic of the black freedmen in the British West Indies. It is known throughout the Department that Gen. Hunter never refuses a negro the necessary pass to take him to the North; but not a dozen applications have been made since our occupation began—and of the half dozen blacks who have ventured from here to the Northern States, several have returned.

This attachment to their old homes is very strong, but they love liberty even more than home; as they have shown in numerous instances. Some months ago all the negroes on a plantation within the enemy's lines, seventy-six in number, fled in one night, in an old scow, and landed next morning on Port Royal Island. Their master had told them that when they had gathered his crop he meant to remove them a little farther back, where the Yankees could not get at them, to sell them to Cuba. The very next night men, women and children packed up, put their bundles into a scow, and drifted down into our lines. Negroes frequently come here from the interior. Not long since ten fellows, who belonged nearly a hundred miles inland from Hilton Head, were sent as spies, to report on the situation and defences of a region they were familiar with. They were gone a number of days on their hazardous undertaking, and brought Gen. Hunter what he considered a satisfactory and accurate report. But they brought back also their wives and children.

When our forces evacuated Edisto Island, last year, sixteen hundred blacks left their homes and all their property, rather than run the risk of falling again into the hands of their masters. These people had their corn and cotton growing finely; they were a happy and prosperous community, living where they had always lived. They were given their choice, to remain or to become exiles, leaving all their property behind. Not a man or woman remained. They preferred to lose everything else, in order to assure their liberty. It is very plain, that to produce that "invasion of black laborers in the free States," of which some foolish and wicked persons at the North speak so often, we have only to maintain slavery in the South. If by any chance the region here in our possession could be once more declared slave soil, not a negro would remain here—all would fly to New York. But while they can be free here, not one desires to go North.

I am ashamed to say that the love of liberty, felt and shown by these people, constantly surprised me. We who have not been slaves do not appreciate the horrors of that state, nor will you ever know the endurance and ardor of that love of liberty which God has planted in the breasts of all men and women, till you see it shining out in the faces of these ignorant and abused fellow-men; till you learn how it has made brave the hearts of the most timid women, how it has nerved them to face every danger, to suffer every loss, to sacrifice every feeling, that they may secure freedom.

The results of emancipation in the West Indies proved long ago that the negro, *free*, is not that fatal lover of idleness which the master always proclaimed him. On these Sea Islands the freedmen have shown themselves industrious and willing workers, and that without the slightest compulsion. Many have even shown enterprise, which was not to be expected of them, from their antecedents. Last Summer, Barnwell and Hall Islands were evacuated by our troops. When the pickets were removed, the blacks were also taken to Port Royal Island. They left their crops of corn, potatoes and cotton standing. They discovered presently that the rebels did not take possession, and emboldened by this, petitioned for permission to return and care for their crops. Leave was granted, but they were warned that no guards would protect them—that it was at their own risk they ventured back. This independent colony returned, tended and harvested their corn and cotton without the guidance of a superintendent, and for months without the slightest encouragement or pay; and I saw cotton of their raising in the gin-house at Beaufort. These two islands lie very near Port Royal Island, and doubtless they felt tolerably secure from capture in the fact that flight was easy and a refuge near at hand.

THE SYSTEM OF ADMINISTRATION.

The old plantation lines are preserved in the administration of affairs, and thus the circumstances of the people are but little changed, except in the great matter that they were slaves and are now free. The system of administration which has been adopted is probably as good as could be contrived. It has the great merit that it interferes very little with the people; leaves them almost altogether to their own guidance, and regards them as self-supporting men and women.

The islands in our possession are divided into four districts. The first embraces Port Royal and Cat and Cane Islands; the second comprises St. Helena's, Ladies', Wassa, Coosaw, Dathaw and Morgan islands; the third consists of Hilton Head and Pinckney islands; the fourth, Paris Island. The first division, of which Mr. H. G. Judd is general superintendent, has sixty plantations, which are arranged in twenty-three districts, each of which has a local superintendent. The second, Richard Soule, Jr., general superintendent, has twenty-five districts, comprising eighty-two plantations. The third, Rev. Thomas D. Howard, general superintendent, has four districts. The fourth, Paris Island, of which Mrs. F. D. Gage is general superintendent, has two districts.

The duties of the superintendents are necessarily general. They form a kind of local magistracy, to whom disputes are referred; but they also take charge of the plantations, keep the accounts, apportion the land according to rules laid down, look after government property, and exercise such supervision as is found necessary. The local superintendents report semi-monthly to their general superintendent, and they meet frequently for consultation and to compare experiences.

The people "are made responsible for planting and cultivating sufficient corn and potatoes for their own subsistence." This is the groundwork. To enable them to do this each family has an allotment of ground, at the rate of two acres for each working hand, and five-sixteenths of an acre (one task and one quarter task) for each child. The superintendents make the allotments in such manner that there shall be no waste land. The "task" is a quarter of an acre; and the old plantations are all marked off by peculiar ridges, so that the labor of allotting ground is not great.

The land is held to belong to the government, and to pay for its use and for the use of the cattle necessary to its cultivation each community or plantation is obliged to till as much land as will support the cattle, with an acre for the superintendent, an acre and a half for the plantation ploughman, and an acre for every infirm or disabled person. It will be seen that each community is thus at once made self-supporting, and takes care of its own paupers.

FREE LABOR COTTON.

It was thought well not to intermit altogether the cultivation of cotton, and accordingly, at the commencement of the season of 1862, the people agreed to undertake, in addition to their own allotments, each a certain space of cotton land. For labor on these they are paid at the rate of twenty-five cents per *day's work*, the nature and extent of which is strictly defined. That is to say, they are paid not by the day, but for the amount of work each performs. In addition to this, they are paid two and a half cents per pound for the cotton each raises and picks. Such of them, if any, as do not choose to work in the cotton fields, are required to pay two dollars per month rent for the houses and lands they occupy. There are some additional expenses necessary before the cotton is ready for market, as for assorting, bagging, ginning, moating and packing, the whole cost of which is three cents per pound.

Under this system a cotton crop has been raised by free labor, and is now nearly ready for market. This crop amounts to seventy-five thousand pounds, worth now in this market at least one dollar per pound. If the amount does not seem great, we must remember the circumstances under which it was raised. Concisely stated, the drawbacks on successful culture were as follows:

1st. It was not determined to grow cotton till the season was far advanced; and the superintendents did not enter on their labors till two months after the usual time for commencing to prepare the ground. The consequences were, hasty and insufficient preparation and late maturity, which gave the caterpillar, cut worm and frost a chance to injure the crop.

2d. A farther delay was caused by the time required to organize labor and to gain the confidence of the people; and all through the season the superintendents not only had no money to pay the workmen, but they had actually no authority to make any definite arrangements, or conclude on terms. They had to ask the people to trust to them, that it would be "all right." "We had to run our face in the most shameless manner," said one to me. Finally, after the ground was prepared and the cotton planted, which is the heaviest of the work, the laborers were paid one dollar per acre, which is only about half what the work is fairly worth.

3d. All the able-bodied men were withdrawn from the plantations, to be used by the Quartermaster, etc. This kept back the work and greatly lessened, of course, the area planted and the quantity raised. That is to say, the women, children, and old and infirm people, raised nearly the whole of this crop.

4th. The work was done with old and broken tools, there being no fresh supply at hand.

5th. The crop was put in so late, that an early frost found one-half the cotton still in the field, not mature enough for picking.

I have described above the system in which society is carried on in these islands. Strict orders forbid the issue of rations to any who have become destitute by their own act or fault. During the past year there have come to our lines some fifteen hundred refugees; besides these, sixteen hundred people were brought from Edisto when our forces evacuated that Island. All these were destitute by no fault of theirs, and to these, of course, rations were issued for a time. Here I must explain that a "contraband" ration is by no means a soldier's ration, as the following will show: One hundred rations for the refugees consist of seventy-five pounds hard bread, one gallon of molasses, four pounds of soap and three pounds of salt. They receive no meat, and any one who knows what a soldier's ration is will see the great difference between the two.

You will now ask, How does this system work? I asked what punishments or penalties were provided for refractory or utterly indolent and improvident negroes? To this I got no definite reply; and I found the reason to be that not enough of such cases had arisen so far to necessitate the formation of a code. We have none amongst *us* either at the North—our laws take no account of the idle and improvident; society leaves them to their reward. Even so it seems to be among these people. Here was another instance, and only one of a hundred, where it was brought home to me that these freedmen are men and women as we are, and that the problem of forming them into useful members of society is divested of most, if not all, its difficulties the moment we make this the first principle ruling our plans. "He that will not work, neither let him eat"—that is the whole law needed.

It remains to describe more particularly the customs, peculiarities and modes of life of these freedmen, and this I hope to do in another letter.

C. N.

BE JUST AND FEAR NOT.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

SPEAK thou the truth. Let others fence,
And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretence
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact: though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop;
Though thou should'st see thine heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind. Though safer seem
In shelter to abide,
We were not made to sit and dream;
The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set His thorns about,
Cry not, "The way is plain":
His path within for those without
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of his blessed word,
Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole, half heard,
And by thine interests turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam,
Set not the bushel down;
The smallest spark may send his beam
O'er hamlet, tower, and town.

Woe, woe to him on safety bent,
Who creeps from age to youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought,
And, as thy thought, thy speech:
What thou hast not by suffering bought
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on—thou hast the rock;
The foes are on the sand:
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
Scatters their shifting strand.

While each wild gust the mist shall clear
We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in HIM that's TRUE.

—*Macmillan's Magazine for April.*

SOJOURNER TRUTH.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

THE story of Sojourner Truth, by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, in the April number of *The Atlantic*, will be read by thousands in the East and West with intense interest; and as those who know this remarkable woman will lay down this periodical, there will be heard in home-circles throughout Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois many an anecdote of the weird, wonderful creature, who was at once a marvel and a mystery.

Mrs. Stowe's remarks on Sojourner's opinion of Woman's Rights bring vividly to my mind a scene in Ohio, never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. In the Spring of 1851, a Woman's Rights Convention was called in Akron, Ohio, by the friends of that then wondrously unpopular cause. I attended that Convention. No one at this day can conceive of the state of feeling of the multitude that came together on that occasion.

The Convention in the Spring of 1850, in Salem, Ohio, reported at length in the New York *Tribune* by that staunch friend of human rights, Oliver Johnson, followed in October of the same year by another Convention at Worcester, Mass., well reported and well abused, with divers minor Conventions, each amply vilified and caricatured, had set the world all agog, and the people, finding the women *in earnest*, turned out in large numbers to see and hear.

The leaders of the movement, staggering under the weight of disapprobation already laid upon them, and tremblingly alive to every appearance of evil that might spring up in their midst, were many of them almost thrown into panics on the first day of the meeting, by seeing a tall, gaunt black woman in a gray dress and white turban, surmounted by an uncouth sun-bonnet, march deliberately into the church, walk with the air of a queen up the aisle, and take her seat upon the pulpit steps. A buzz of disapprobation was heard all over the house, and such words as these fell upon listening ears:

"An Abolition affair!" "Women's Rights and niggers!" "We told you so. Go it, old darkey!"

I chanced upon that occasion to wear my first laurels in public life, as President of the meeting. At my request, order was restored, and the business of the hour went on. The morning session closed; the afternoon session was held; the evening exercises came and went; old Sojourner, quiet and reticent as the "Libyan Statue," sat crouched against the wall on a corner of the pulpit stairs, her sun-bonnet shading her eyes, her elbow on her knee, and her chin resting on her broad, hard palm.

At intermissions she was busy selling the "Life of Sojourner Truth," a narrative of her own strange and adventurous life.

Again and again timorous and trembling ones came to me and said with earnestness, "Don't let her speak, Mrs. G. It will ruin us. Every newspaper in the land will have our cause mixed with abolition and niggers, and we shall be utterly denounced." My only answer was, "We shall see when the time comes."

The second day the work waxed warm. Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Universalist ministers came in to hear and discuss the resolutions brought forth. One claimed superior rights and privileges for man because of superior intellect; another because of the manhood of Christ. If God had desired the equality of woman, He would have given some token of His will through the birth, life and death of the Savior. Another gave us a theological view of the awful sin of our first mother. There were few women in those days that dared to "speak in meeting," and the august teachers of the people with long-winded bombast, were seeming to get the better of us, while the boys in the galleries and sneerers among the pews were enjoying hugely the discomfiture, as they supposed, of the strong-minded. Some of the tender-skinned friends were growing indignant and on the point of losing dignity, and the atmosphere of the Convention betokened a storm.

Slowly from her seat in the corner rose Sojourner Truth, who, till now, had hardly lifted her head. "Don't let her speak," gasped a half-dozen in my ear. She moved slowly and solemnly to the front, laid her old bonnet at her feet, and turned her great speaking eyes to me.

There was a hissing sound of disapprobation above and below. I rose and announced "Sojourner Truth," and begged the audience to keep silence for a few moments. The tumult subsided at once, and every eye was fixed on this almost Amazon form, which stood almost six feet high, head erect, and eye piercing the upper air like one in a dream. At her first word there was a profound hush. She spoke in deep tones, which, though not loud, reached every ear in the house, and away through the throng at the doors and windows.

"Well, chillen, whar dar's so much racket dar must be som'ting out o' kilter. I tink dat, 'twixt de niggers of de South and de women at de Norf, all a-talking 'bout rights, de white men will be in a fix pretty soon. But what's all this here talking 'bout? Dat man ober dar say dat woman needs to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to have de best place eberywhar. Nobody eber helps me into carriages, or ober mud-puddles, or gives me any best place"; and, raising herself to her full height, and her voice to a pitch like rolling thunder, she asked, "And ar'n't I a woman? Look at me. Look at my arm," and she bared her right arm to the shoulder, showing its tremendous muscular power. "I have plowed and planted and gathered into barns, and no man could head me—and ar'n't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man (when I could get it), and bear de lash as well—and ar'n't I a woman? I have borne thirteen chillen, and seen 'em mos' all sold off into slavery, and when I cried out with a mother's grief, none but Jesus heard—and ar'n't I a woman? Den dey talks 'bout dis ting in de head. What dis dey call it?" "Intellect," whispered some one near. "Dat's it, honey. What's dat got to do with woman's rights or niggers' rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint and yourn holds a quart, wouldn't ye be mean not to let me have my little half-measure full?" and she pointed her significant finger and sent a keen glance at the minister who had made the argument. The cheering was long and loud. "Den dat little man in black dar, he say woman can't have as much right as man 'cause Christ wa'n't nt a woman. *Whar did your Christ come from?*"

Rolling thunder could not have stilled that crowd as did those deep, wonderful tones, as she stood there with outstretched arms and eye of fire. Raising her voice still louder, she repeated—

"Whar did your Christ come from? From God and a woman. Man had not'ing to do with him." Oh! what a rebuke she gave the little man. Turning again to another objector, she took up the defence of Mother Eve. I cannot follow her through it all. It was pointed and witty and solemn, eliciting at almost every sentence deafening applause; and she ended by asserting "that if de fust woman God ever made was strong enough to turn de world upside down all her one lone, all dese togeder," and she glanced her eye over us, "ought to be able to turn it back and git it right side up again, and now dey is asking to, de men better let 'em" (long continued cheering). "'Bleeged to ye for hearin' on me, and now ole Sojourner ha'n't got nothin' more to say."

Amid roars of applause she turned to her corner, leaving more than one of us with streaming eyes and hearts beating with gratitude. She had taken us up in her great, strong arms and carried us safely over the slough of difficulty, turning the whole tide in our favor.

I have given but a faint sketch of her speech. I have never in my life seen anything like the magical influence that subdued the mobbish spirit of the day, and turned the jibes and sneers of an excited crowd into notes of respect and admiration. Hundreds rushed up to shake hands and congratulate the glorious old mother, and bid her "God speed" on her mission of "testifying agin concernin" the wickedness of this here people."

Once upon a Sabbath in Michigan an Abolition meeting was held. Parker Pillsbury was speaker, and expressed himself freely upon the conduct of the Churches regarding slavery. While he spoke, there came up a fearful thunder-storm. A young Methodist rose, and, interrupting him, said he felt alarmed; he felt as if God's judgment was about to fall upon him for daring to sit and hear such blasphemy; that it made his hair almost rise with terror. Here a voice sounding above the rain that beat upon the roof, the sweeping surge of the winds, the crashing of the limbs of trees, swaying of branches, and the rolling of thunder, spoke out: "Chile, don't be skeered; you're not goin' to be harmed. I don't speck God's ever heern tell on ye!"

It was all she said, but it was enough. I might multiply anecdotes (and some of the best cannot be told) till your pages would not contain them, and yet the fund not be exhausted. Therefore, I will close, only saying to those who think public opinion does not change, that they have only to look at the progress of ideas from the stand-point of old Sojourner Truth twelve years ago.

The despised and mobbed African, now the heroine of an article in the most popular periodical in the United States. Then Sojourner could say, "If woman wants rights, let her take 'em." Now, women do take them, and public opinion sustains them.

MISS DICKINSON AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

From The Evening Post.

MISS DICKINSON at once took a firm hold of her hearers, attracting them by her personal appearance, the tones of her voice, the matter and manner of her speech. She is of the medium height, slight in form, graceful in movement; her head, well poised, is adorned with full and heavy dark hair, displaying to advantage a pleasant face, which has the signs of nervous force and of vigorous mental life. In manner she is unembarrassed, without a shade of boldness; her gesticulation is simple, drawing to itself no remark; her voice is of wonderful power, penetrating rather than loud, as clear as the tone of metal, and and yet with a reed-like softness. Her vocabulary is simple, and in no instance can there be seen a straining after effective expressions, yet her skill in using the ordinary stores of our daily language is so great, that with a single phrase she presents a picture, and delivers a poem in a sentence.

Miss Dickinson shows in her oratorical method the feminine peculiarities which lead her sex to prefer results to preliminaries, the sharply defined success of conclusions to the regularly progressing course of previous argument. Her lecture was consequently very effective to the ear, and difficult to report with justice to the speaker. She defined the contest with the South as the struggle between liberty and slavery in the broadest sense of the words, extending to the moral, mental and social world, and illustrated her position with rapid allusions to the political history of the last ten years. She then drew a variety of comparisons between the loyalty of the two parties at the North, and, in answer to the question what sort of Generals had each given to the country, made some hits of great force at many well-known officers, and paid a tribute of praise to others.

It was in this part of her address that the brightness of her wit and the power of condensed expression already alluded to was seen most clearly. A single stroke of the pencil placed not only a name but a character distinctly before the audience, who took quickly, and fully enjoyed, every point. The enrolment act, the threats of the North-west to compromise for themselves and leave New England out in the cold, and the present splendid revival of patriotic confidence in the North, were treated with surprising power. The applause which burst from the audience at almost every sentence was more hearty and enthusiastic than even in the excited political gatherings of an election season, and was, moreover, applause born of the deepest and best feelings of loyalty. At the conclusion of the lecture, which came to a close with a truly beautiful peroration, the Hutchinson family sang one of their best pieces, and then, by request, followed it with the John Brown song, in the chorus of which the audience joined with a thrilling effect.

From The Independent.

Those who have prejudices against women who speak in public ought not to hear Miss Anna E. Dickinson of Philadelphia, if they mean to keep those prejudices. *She* has a right to speak in public!

She has that to say on great subjects which people wish to hear. She says it so eloquently that they who hear her once desire most of all to hear her again. On Tuesday night Miss Dickinson spoke in Cooper Institute to an audience that taxed the utmost capacity of that hall. It was necessary to close the doors and refuse to sell tickets long before the hour appointed. Her subject was, "The Day—the Cause." We wish that speech might be uttered in every town and neighborhood in the land! The audience were supremely possessed by the power of this gifted woman. They laughed and wept till tears and laughter were cheap.

Miss Dickinson is not a woman speaking like a man. She is a woman. She thinks and feels like a woman. And she proves beyond all controversy that there are elements of truth, and phases of public affairs, important to be known, that can be given from no other stand-point than the heart of a true woman.

From The Times.

Miss Dickinson was introduced by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who said: The time has at length arrived for opening this meeting. I am but the preface; and, if I can judge from my own experience, nothing is more tiresome than a long preface before a good book. We are assembled this evening as American citizens, to listen to the discourse of an American woman. There are none that have a greater interest in those questions now pending than American women, and where God has given them both the heart and the gift to utter their thoughts, and with the gift and feeling, has also imparted a wish to do it, nothing more can be asked. In attempting, they prove that they are called to speak, and speak worthily on this great theme. It is my pleasure to-night to present to you one, though young, yet not younger than many who have been inspired and called of God to witness for purity, and for truth, and for religion in public affairs—one who, in good earnest conflict before one and another community in the various States of the Union, has achieved signal success. I know not what your sympathies may be now. I think I may say certainly, that not long will it be before your smiles and your cheers will take from her every lingering of hesitation, and make her feel, for the time, that she never was more at home among loving, enthusiastic friends, than she is standing here, in the midst of this hard old city of New York. I now have the pleasure of introducing to you Miss Anna E. Dickinson of Philadelphia.

Miss Dickinson was received with tumultuous applause, the subsidence of which she modestly awaited. She is of *petite* figure, somewhat roundly built, with dark hair and eyes, finely chiseled nose and chin, and an *ensemble* of firmness singularly combined with winning grace. She is a decided brunette, with a power of expression in her visual organs not uncommon in the passionate beauties of the land of figs and brigands. Her declamation is almost perfect—so perfect that it is nearly monotonous. Every word is spoken distinctly, and every point made with telling force. Few men could vocally fill the room better, and yet her voice loses none of its feminine attractiveness, so perfectly does she master the Demosthenean art, that whether it be in sharp, caustic, stinging, bitter, sarcastic, withering denunciation, the thrilling picture of battle scenes, the story of some deed of charity, the record of some Christian act, or the patriotic apotheosis of liberty, she finds not only words and symbols, and tropes and imagery, but a powerful, effective, impressive delivery, which makes her eloquence complete. Her force is not only in her surprising concentration of logical argument, of striking illustrations, of telling denunciation, of overwhelming ridicule, but in the extraordinary declamatory perfectness with which all are put forth. She sways the audience from the first moment of her electric utterance down to the last syllable of the ten thousand words which she must have spoken in one short hour. She is a walking encyclopædia of the events of the war, with all the pages open to you at a glance. She heaps history, fact, proverb, warning, story, appeal and exhortation in convincing array, sweeping all before her in an avalanche of intellectual force. She has her hearers alternately laughing, crying, cheering, applauding and listening with breathless suspense. "The Charge of the Light Brigade," as a battle picture, must fall into insignificance before her vivid and life-like description of the capture of Fort Donelson. No reporter's pencil is dexterous enough to follow the magical rapidity of her vocalization. As a faint specimen of her style, witness this imperfect extract of a sentence from her peroration:

"The President asks you; the Government of the United States asks you; the two hundred thousand graves and trenches, crowded with the best loved of the land, offered up for your sakes, ask you; the hundreds of thousands of brave fellows on the battle-field, facing death with gallant and undaunted front, ask you; the agonizing cries from desolated homes, ask you; the millions of the oppressed in all climes and of all countries, looking across the waters, and praying with uplifted faces to God, ask you; four million of outraged, oppressed people, loaded with manacles, with hands held up with imploring supplications to God, ask you; the hope, the liberty, the truth, the justice of five hundred years at stake, asks you; this mighty nation, struggling on step by step, almost to the grave, asks you! Loyal people of the North, how will you respond?" (Thunders of applause.)

Nothing short of a *verbatim* report could do justice to the address. It was a thorough plea for the Administration and the cause which it represents, a blistering excoriation of home traitors, and a womanly appeal for humanity. Miss Dickinson must undoubtedly henceforth take rank among the leading, if not as the head of American female orators, and the sterner sex will be fortunate indeed if she don't rank it, too.

MISS DICKINSON BEFORE THE PARKERITES.

Correspondence of The Springfield Republican.

BOSTON, April 22.

We have several good things in the rain—afternoon concerts, artists' receptions, pretty pictures by Bellows, sublime ones by Bierstadt, and Miss Anna Dickinson, a fitting climax to things good! I heard her on Sunday, at the Melodeon, in the rain, when she addressed the 28th Congregational Society (Theodore Parker's). This "Fraternity," as it names itself, is in bad repute in our midst—called fanatical, pestilent, expelled from the brotherhood of Churches. I asked a respectable Bostonian to accompany me. "I go among the 28th Congregational Society! Excuse me, my dear. I will go on a Sunday to see Tom Thumb, Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge's minstrels, most anywhere else to please you—but don't ask me to risk my reputation among that set!" So I went alone, and found the hall, aisles, galleries, every inch of standing-room full, with a strange crowd; intense, vigorous, thoughtful, rather than cultivated; men and women with decided opinions; a good many women wore glasses, had cotton umbrellas, and looked strong-minded. One of these gave me a seat. I thank her. There was a green curtain across the stage, which threw the speaker's face into charming relief, like a pink rose among green leaves. I don't mean Mr. Garrison's, but the lady's. That arch-Abolitionist was speaking as I entered, one or two others being on the platform, among them the inevitable Judge Russell. I have been into six or eight meetings of a morning in anniversary week, and found Judge Russell on the platform at each. Mr. Garrison read some hymns, which were sung; and then with evident satisfaction he read what Ezekiel prophesied regarding our day—how the North land should rise against the South and subdue it; how false prophets should "see visions of peace for her, and there is no peace, saith the Lord God." "And I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it: but I found none." The pink rose against the curtain smiled.

It was April 19th, sacred anniversary of the bloodshed at Baltimore, and Miss Dickinson commenced by pertinent allusion to the fact; then she summed up our concessions and wrongs, till all hearts throbbed with indignation; our losses—the line of graves dividing North and South till all eyes glistened with tears—our strength, our causes for hope and mirth, till all lips parted in laughter. You have heard her in Springfield, and need not be told how logical, picturesque, thrilling, is her speech—how her eyes flash, beam and tremble into tears—how Cassandra like, with strong voice, she utters her messages of woe; and anon, as Juliet, sinks into tenderness, pathos, music. How fine her gestures are! Did you see her, with three waves of her pretty hand, hang a rebel? It was an admirable piece of acting. She seemed to me like the best type of Young America—not strong-minded, only strong-hearted; thrilled with loyalty and sense of wrong—modest, earnest, genuine—full of womanly nervousness, prettiness and caprice; and yet firm as a sibyl. Heaven send that she may be, and we shall not spoil her with our praise. Here is a Joan of Arc, as good as she of France, a woman made by the occasion, and who will sink with it, possibly. She said nothing new, only spoke with the spirit that makes all things new.

By their fruits ye shall know them. Said a Massachusetts judge to-day, "If ever such events were accomplished by human agency, that girl saved Connecticut and New Hampshire to the Union." Miss Dickinson was formerly employed at the mint in Philadelphia. When about seventeen, in a public meeting, listening to some impertinent remarks concerning woman, she sprang to her feet and defended her sex so eloquently as to attract the attention of Lucretia Mott. Then came culture, recognition, notoriety, applause. Why do not they make Miss Dickinson the next President? Has any man, thus far, so well filled the "gap" in the national hedge? Let us nominate her, *Republican?*

VICTOR HUGO ON POLAND.

HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, April 5, 1863.

To the Public Meeting in Jersey in favor of Poland:

GENTLEMEN: I am now suffering from an affection in the throat, which prevents me from accepting your invitation, by which I feel greatly honored. Believe in my profound regret. Sympathy is presence. I shall, therefore, be in spirit in the midst of you. I associate myself from the bottom of my soul with all your generous feelings. The murder of a nation is impossible. Bright as the star, it becomes eclipsed; but it reappears. Hungary proves it, Venice proves it, Poland proves it.

Poland, at this hour, is brilliant; it is not in full life, but it is in full glory; all its light has returned; Poland, overwhelmed, bleeding, and erect, dazzles the world. Peoples live and despots die; it is the law of above. Let us not cease repeating it to that guilty Alexander II., who, at this moment, weighs upon two nations, for the misfortune of the one and the shame of the other. The most to be pitied of the two is not Poland which he slaughters; it is Russia which he dishonors. I say it with grief, the Russian army, through the fault of Alexander II., defiles the Russian flag. May all the opprobrium fall upon this man! A people is degraded when made the butcher of another people. I wish for Poland resurrection to liberty; for Russia resurrection to honor.

I do more than wish for those two resurrections—I expect them. Yes, doubt would be impious, and almost an accomplice; yes, Poland will triumph. Its final death would be more or less the death of us all. Poland is a part of Europe's heart. On the day wherein the last pulsation of life beat in Poland the whole civilized world would feel the chill of the sepulchre. Allow me, then, to utter from afar this cry, which will find an echo in your hearts: Long live Poland! Long live the liberty of men and the independence of nations! Accept on this occasion all my wishes for the happiness of the island of Jersey, which is most dear to me, and also of your excellent population, and receive, friends, my cordial salutations.

VICTOR HUGO.

A MOSCOW MARKET.—The Winter markets of Moscow and St. Petersburg present some of the most cadaverous specimens of the startling humor in which the Russians delight. Here you find frozen oxen, calves, sheep, rabbits, geese, ducks, and all manner of animals and birds, once animate with life, now stiff and stark in death. The oxen stand staring at you with their fixed eyes and gory carcasses; the calves are jumping or frisking in skinless innocence; the sheep ba-a at you with open mouths, or cast sheep's-eyes at the by-passers; the rabbits, having travelled hundreds of miles, are jumping, or running, or turning somersaults in frozen tablesux to keep themselves warm, and so on with every variety of flesh, fowl, and even fish. The butchers cut short these expressive practical witticisms by means of saws, as one might saw a block of wood; and the saw dust, which is really frozen flesh and blood in a powdered state, is gathered up in buckets and carried away by the children and ragamuffins to be made into soup.—*J. Ross Browne, in Harper's Magazine.*

Advertisements.

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